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Things in General.

THE acknowledged fact that the chief use of words is to conceal the truth should make Canadians refrain from deluging the prospective King with addresses. Though he is not old, he must know that the subject or committee who throws in his face a dishpanful of words so sorted as to express loyalty, has but little regard for the real thing. Everyone detests a busybody, and the man who inserts himself as the framer of an address with an anxiety to appear as the reader of it, is almost invariably the least worthy and most undesirable of his class. In celebrations such as we are about to undertake to welcome Royalty, the better class of citizens have no show except as spectators. The busybodies and gadflies of society, the public nuisances, ear-stormers and wind-jammers are always in front. To have read an address to the future King is honor enough for some pestilent social mosquito who would rather be slapped by a Royal hand than never to have touched the vice-regal person. These pests have organized themselves, or are likely to do so, or have obtained some status in reputable organizations, to such an extent that whoever has charge of the reception should light a smudge and smoke them out. It is due to Canadians that slim-waisted and narrow-bottomed horn-blowers should not establish themselves as the type of men produced in this country, which is the cradle of as fine a race as the world has ever seen. I wish I could reach the ear of the man who has the alleged pageant in charge, and my contribution would be an able-bodied hickory club with which to quiet these fellows with inflated mouths.

As I remarked some weeks ago, the right way to entertain the Prince, who has been wearied by listening to the mouthings of energetic nobodies, is to give him a rest, take him out bass-fishing, and give his wife a chance to mend her stockings. The absolute lack of originality which has marked every suggestion made by the reception committees of all sorts, is probably typically Canadian, for in this country, where originality is invariably suppressed, the mosquito and the tree-toad make the music. It seems a pitiful thing that the country which by the valor of its soldiers, the patriotism of its citizens, and the aggressiveness of its Government, has put itself in the foremost rank of all the nations "whose footsteps are heard approaching," should not rise superior to such jerkwater entertainments and such squirt-gun orators as are likely to monopolize the time of His Royal Highness.

TALKING about Royalty, the replies of King Edward VII. to the utterances of people of the United States who have recently interviewed him, calling them "loyal and dutiful," are quite unintelligible unless the new ruler of the British realm intends, sentimentally at least, to assert himself as the head of the English-speaking race. This method of replying to "American" addresses has been used by him more than once, and is causing much comment in London, and to a certain extent creating quite a little gossip in the United States. King Edward may possess a greatness of which we have never suspected him. His apparent assumption of being the emperor of the English-speaking world may have been carefully calculated. The United States is apparently sure of being the industrial leader of the earth, and Presidential and other questions being so embarrassing, it is not impossible that King Edward's position as a figurehead for the entire Anglo-Saxon race may be accepted. It is a large idea, but a kindly one.

THE strike of the Canadian Pacific trackmen has failed to touch public sentiment, as strikes often do. Admittedly the Canadian Pacific Railway Company pays the best wages which are paid to trackmen anywhere in America. The International Union which called the men out does not deny the truth of this answer made to those who petitioned. Nor has it been explained why the best paymaster of all the railroads should be the one upon which a strike should be inflicted. If an answer were made it would probably be that the Canadian Pacific's stock being over par and its money-making qualities established, it was esteemed prudent to try to raise the wages of trackmen on a road which could afford to pay the price. This is a poor argument, yet it is the only one which can be advanced. There is a suspicion amounting to almost a certainty that the president of the Trackmen's International Union has been biased in his judgment, to say the least, against the road which has its mileage in Canada instead of in the United States, where he belongs. To suppose a case, it would not seem improbable to the observer that the president of the International Union was influenced by United States roads, either by prospective gain for himself or the people he represents. For instance, he might have been promised by managers of roads alien to the people of this country, that if he succeeded in a strike here the wages would be raised there. If damage could be done to the C.P.R. by a general report, during the busiest season of the year, that the roadbed was out of repair and no trackmen were working upon it, the United States railways could well afford to make some such promise or even pay out considerable cash. As the Hamilton "Times" pointed out, there is a great danger in these international unions using Canada as the butt-end of a scheme which will give Canadians the worst of it, no matter whether the strike ends in favor of the men or their employers. Nowadays it behooves everyone to watch the one who influences any movement, either of labor, capital or sentiment, to the extent at least of discovering the true meaning of those who disturb existing conditions.

AN evening contemporary is on the war-path after the gamblers. The expedition is a very laudable one, as indeed are all those crusades which require no scalps to decorate the returning warrior. It is an easy thing to be virtuous when there is nothing to be done but "holier." The newspaper which makes raids upon the business of its advertisers loses a certain amount of patronage, and consequently is very slow in either prosecuting or persecuting offenders who pay so much per diem to attract business. The gamblers, unfortunately for themselves, are not advertisers, and have no pull with anyone except those to whom they pay a certain amount for immunity. As this is not paid to the newspapers, they have no journalistic friends. I may be wrong, but I think the rottenest thing in the town would find newspaper defenders if the good word had to be said or the advertisement cancelled. It is a tough proposition, but it must be remembered that the ordinary newspaper lives on the advertiser, not on the subscriber. The rate charged brings no profit to the publisher from the sales. Upon the advertiser alone he relies. Everyone can figure the result for himself. The paper cheap in price must be cheap in methods and morals. The gambler, or the keeper of a gaming-house, is an easy thing to thump. For immorality in other directions the ordinary newspaper squares itself by pounding the man from whom no revenue is derived.

Our contemporary, which is perhaps not less virtuous than the rest of us, admits that gambling is inherent. Everyone gambles, from the boy who plays marbles "for keeps" to the one who buys stocks on a margin. The man

who marries perhaps takes the biggest chance of any, for he becomes tied for life to somebody who, after a time, may not be pleasing. The man who starts a business with only fifty per cent. of his stock represented by cash, and the bank which begins to trade with just enough to save it from bankruptcy, are gamblers. The farmer who puts in his crop and waits to see the rain come, and watches the heat, and takes thought of the frost, is also a gambler; he is taking chances. Those who go to a gaming-house and lose money are fools, of course, possibly vicious fools, but as a rule they only risk a few dollars, while the farmer risks the land upon which he works and the food upon which his family is to be nourished during the winter, when he takes chances in putting in a large acreage of wheat. Chance, luck, Providence, whatever we may call it, is relied upon to a startling extent by everybody. There is no certainty in this world except a Government job, and that people desire to evade the chances is shown by the small stipends which men will accept from a Government to make their future certain. Ninety-nine per cent. of the people would rather be sure than take the chance of being sorry; but the world is so constituted that men must take chances either of hard work, small pay, bankruptcy, ruin of almost any sort, rather than a return to savagery where no one takes thought of the morrow, and yet barbarians even play games where fortune decides the ownership of blankets, horses, tepees, canoes, and everything else.

I once ventured to say that as gambling was so inextricably mixed with human nature it would be wise to re-

frain, and never reach for the reason. Even the weather bulletin, which those about to go on an excursion or a picnic invariably consult, which every newspaper publishes, tells us what to expect, but never tells us why. We are told that a cold wave is coming from Manitoba or that a storm has been discovered approaching from Missouri, but we have little or no idea of how the elements or the study of meteorology present such conditions as make prophecy with regard to what will happen in heat or cold as given out from the Observatory, almost unfailingly accurate.

Aside from the sweltering faith which we have in those who make the predictions, it might in this hot weather be worth while to speak of heat in general. There is a saying in Spanish countries that no one but a foreigner, a fool, or a dog will walk on the sunny side of the road. The hottest places I have ever been in the United States are St. Louis, and Fort Yuma, on the Gila river, near Lower California. In St. Louis the humidity makes life almost unendurable during the hot weather. In Fort Yuma the thermometer rises to 115 or 120, but even though it is situated at a low altitude the heat is bearable. Near water the heat is less in its intensity, but the moisture in the air makes one feel like breathing steam. Under the equator the thermometer may show a greater height of temperature, but usually the heat is not as intolerable as in localities where twenty degrees less are registered. I have had the privilege of roasting under almost every conceivable registration of the thermometer, but I think it is possible to feel quite as hot in Toronto as anywhere in the world. The three hottest

ing passage will show that some of Uncle Sam's people at least are coming to a more sane and reasonable frame of mind:

"We are in a position to take our stand in any case that may arise if we remember these principles: (1) No sentiment of friendship obliges us to engage in any war; (2) there exists no more friendship, or no different kind of friendship between us and the states of South and Central America than exists between us and the powers of Europe; (3) there is no rule of international law compelling us to any hostile action against any power whatever; (4) we have made no rule for ourselves which obliges us under any state of affairs to defend a South or Central American nation against an attack from Europe; (5) we are not called upon, under all conceivable circumstances, to protect the independence of any foreign power; (6) the only question for us to consider, when an occasion arises, is: 'Are we in danger from this threatened appearance of a European power on this side of the water?'"

This is certainly a remarkable passage, all things considered. After mastering the bearing of such contentions on what has hitherto been regarded as the bed-rock doctrine of the United States' foreign policy, we are not unprepared for Mr. Nelson's application of his dicta to the present situation. Here it is:

"If the people of the South American State do, however, decide to give themselves to Germany, do we want to go to war to prevent the carrying out of a contract to which both parties willingly agree? Perhaps we may and perhaps we may not deem it necessary to do so; but there is hardly a thousandth part of one chance in a hundred chances that we shall feel any such desire. What folly, then, is it to assert in advance the general principle that we propose to keep Europe out of South America, in any event, either when she comes with or without the consent of South America, or whether her coming be for or against our interests! What folly, too, to take the position that the grant of a coaling-station to Germany, or any other European power, will always be considered hostile to our interests! It may be, or it may not be. Our only rule should be to determine each case on its merits, and when we conclude that our interests are affected, before we go to war we must be ready to assert that the interests threatened are present and immediate, not remote; war ought not to be waged by Americans of this century against Germany of this century because some American politicians, eager for personal power, assert that such a war is necessary to prevent a Germanized Brazil in the twenty-first century, or in the last of the twentieth century; perhaps our children—or our grandchildren at least—will be glad, when the time comes, to have Brazil Germanized."

It is refreshing to have even one Yankee talking common sense in a case where the Monroe doctrine is concerned. The sign is a hopeful one, for in the past we have had only sound and fury.

SPEAKING in this connection, the following is doubtless the kind of thing that will take the edge off Uncle Sam's appetite for any further "mix-ups" with semi-barbarous peoples in tropical climes. I clip the passage from a press correspondent's letter written from Manila. True or untrue, it is doubtless typical of much that is experienced in all wars where white men are sent out to sacrifice health or life in planting "the flag" on new territory that may or may not be worth the price paid in blood and treasure.

"Last night I was talking with an officer in the Medical Department. He seemed strangely changed from what he was at Tampa. Finally, he told me he had melancholia with suicidal intent. I said: 'Of course you conquer the feeling?' He said: 'Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't.' 'You must conquer it, as you are alive,' I laughingly replied. He glared at me an instant and then said, calmly, 'Yes, my bullet missed its mark about a month ago. I did not know by this time whether I was talking to a crazy man or a poseur. Remembering that it is considered better to humor the insane, I smiled again. He mistook the smile and said: 'You don't believe me! Look at this!' With the word he tore open his coat and shirt and showed me a bullet hole near the heart, with angry, inflamed edges, filled with cotton and held together with small strips of surgeon's plaster. I shuddered and believed him. He showed me the wound and concealed it in a moment, without others noticing it, and then went on to tell me it was the second attempt he had made. This bullet had glanced off from a rib. He said that at first 'loco' came through homesickness, but now he did not care for anything. He had just as soon die as go home. He is only one of hundreds that feel this way."

"The men are in the same condition. Unless the sea voyage recuperates them, in the returning regiments America will not recognize the strong, sturdy fellows she sent out here. As regimental soldiers they are wrecks. They are listless and without ambitions. They come to Manila to wait for the outgoing transport, and are as quiet as if they were deaf and dumb. They sit along the Luneta and sides of the Malecon drive in groups and in rows by the hundreds, silently thinking—perhaps intently, or perhaps drifting, passing thoughts—but never engaged in animated conversation. They listen to the music at the concert hour, and stand at 'attention' like statues, at 'The Star Spangled Banner,' but the expression of their faces never seems to change. Neither hopelessness nor hopefulness is there—just passive indifference."

WE have all encountered persons who were good promoters, who preserved an atmosphere of mystery in speaking about the great things they were going to accomplish in the future, who were continually saying "Never mind, wait and see what I'll do to-morrow or next day," and who in the long run never did anything and disappointed all their friends. The humbler walks of life are full of such people—persons who live on the reputation of what they are expected to, but may not, perform; and it strikes me that Lord Rosebery, who has issued another manifesto and another explanation of his meaning therein, has arrived at that stage where he must, to use a phrase borrowed from the farm, either "lay off or get off the nest" for good. Everyone is getting a little tired of hearing of the great things Lord Rosebery could, would, might or was about to accomplish. I do not know that he has consciously posed as the prize mystery man of the British Empire, but if not his friends have been indiscreet, for they have certainly been telling us for years to keep our optics on Lord Rosebery, and yet his Lordship continues to do nothing but issue manifestoes that cannot be understood until they are explained. The mystery business can be pushed too far in politics, and if Lord Rosebery is the genius his friends claim he is, it is high time for him to commence to "make good."

Two explanations are offered of this statesman's apparent impotence after a youth of rare promise and a manhood filled with great opportunities. An English paper tells of two well-informed men who were engaged in discussing Lord Rosebery. They agreed that something was the matter with Lord Rosebery. They did not agree as to what it was. Said the first, "The fairies who presided at his birth gave Lord Rosebery every good gift but one—they denied him courage. And without courage the others



MUSSULMAN SCHOOL MASTER AND CHILDREN.

(Illustrating "Don's" Travel Talks on page 7, a series of views of Egypt, Palestine and Italy, will continue to be published for several weeks to come.)

cognize its existence and provide some means for people to take chances where they would really get a chance and not be driven into those crooked games where there seems a chance on the surface but nothing but certainty for the one who runs the game. I may have been wrong, and withdraw all the arguments used on that occasion. I still entertain the same opinion: By no law which the Legislature or the House of Commons can formulate, can we pound the gambling element out of human nature. Further than this, after the vicious comments of the religious press and some country newspapers, I will not venture. Gambling, like hunger, and thirst, and lust, and everything else which was implanted by the Creator, must be taken into account. When the great Brooklyn bridge, the greatest engineering feat of its time, was built, it was found that it swayed violently during unusual winds or when being crossed by crowds. Every possible device was used to stop this swaying, but an engineer, who perhaps was considered an ass for his suggestion, spoke of controlling wires which would overcome the swaying. These were tried and were found to be a success. The swaying of society cannot be stopped; the community will swing out of the lines into which the good people are trying to engineer it, and the controlling wires, the little stays and supports which morality, not law, provides, are the only things to be relied upon.

THE weather is a fruitful topic of conversation, and the excessive heat seems to absorb the attention of people who under usual circumstances would be willing to listen to wrothier topics. The weather is a very much abused thing, and probably any of us, or a committee selected from the cleverest and most complaisant people in the community, would fail to give satisfaction if in control of it. A part of the diversity of life is furnished by the freaks of the weather in all except those semi-tropical climes where every day produces the weather which might be expected to present itself a month prior to its advent. The monotony of such a proceeding can be easily appreciated by those who desire that every day life shall have some new phase. Where the weather is invariably fine, or during the rainy season the day is invariably wet, people drop this general topic and converse about stocks, crops, or something with regard to which there is no certainty. The deadly monotony of a country where the weather has no eccentricities makes life a bore, and a common subject for salutation and conversation is noticeably absent.

If we discussed the weather as reasonable people, we would do it with some information as to the cause of heat and its general effect. Instead of that, we declare the day to be too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or something of

places that I have in my mind are Pernambuco and Bahia in Brazil, and Guayaquil in Ecuador. Yet in all these places the inhabitants are so accustomed to an equatorial temperature that they do not really mind it. The sudden changes of the temperature such as we have here in Toronto, together with the humidity which is a prevalent condition, make both the heat and cold when intense an almost intolerable condition. The lassitude resulting from unusual circumstances seems to drive the people to unusual methods of relief, and that alone accounts for many of the hot air disasters of the North. Still, we ought to be satisfied that we have so many changes, bringing sudden death as many of them do, to the old, the infirm, and the inexperienced. Nothing is so deadly to the peace, energy and aggressiveness of a nation as a deadly level of temperature, of fortune or of incident. While we swelter we can thank fortune that everything is in our favor which produces virility and demands forthright.

ALTHOUGH it is announced that at the forthcoming Pan-American Congress the United States will "insist" on the recognition of the Monroe doctrine, it is hard to see how any amount of insistence from that quarter will be effective in bolstering up the doctrine if suspicion continues to strike its roots deeper in South America with regard to the motives and aims of the big Republic. Even in the United States signs are not wanting that the Monroe doctrine is commencing to lose its hitherto almost divine character. "Harper's Weekly" has been one of the most uncompromising exponents of expansion and spread-eagleism. Yet in the last number of that publication, Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson has a full page devoted to a merciless riddling of the Monroe doctrine as it has been generally understood in the States. If, on the one hand, the South and Central Americans are suspicious of Uncle Sam's effusive interest in their welfare, there is also a growing public opinion in the United States which foresees the danger of espousing revolutionary republics under any and all circumstances. These people think, with the writer of the article in the "Weekly," that the problems confronting the Republic are quite heavy enough, and that what is needed in order to solve these is freedom from further distraction. The Administration would rather avoid than seek a difficulty, and the writer in the "Weekly," which has always been in touch with President McKinley's intentions, argues that even if Venezuela is about to surrender an island to Germany, or Brazil is shaping to place herself under the Emperor William's protection, the people of the United States need not feel called on to concern themselves.

Mr. Nelson's new definition of the Monroe doctrine is interesting because it is so unlike the doctrine as we have always heard it expounded from Washington. The follow-

are but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Said the other, "Not so. Lord Rosebery has courage, but he has not the love of battle. Your 'good fairies' were too kind to him. He was born with a golden spoon. He has had no experience of the rough-and-tumble of life. He has never had to fight his way. He expects even his rose-leaves to be curled." The latter of the two disputants took a different view. The child is father of the man. Forty years ago there was a boy at Eton whose extraordinary promise struck all who knew him. Among those who knew him best was his tutor, the late William Johnson, himself a remarkable man and a shrewd judge of character. "Dalmieny," he wrote, "has the finest combination of qualities I have ever seen." "He will be an orator and, if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in." "He must be the wisest boy that ever lived." But one thing was lacking. "He is one of those who like the palm without the dust." Is Lord Rosebery in 1901 the same as was Lord Dalmieny in 1862?

It is not surprising that in a land where "nigger-hunting" has become so popular a diversion, bull-fighting should take a place as a star amusement. The bull-baiting in South Omaha, Nebraska, has called out a good deal of denunciation from pulp and press, but the pastime continues to draw crowds, and has indeed become exceedingly popular and profitable, from the circumstance that on a recent night one of the bulls unexpectedly caught a performer on his horns and sent him forty feet through the air, and ultimately to the hospital with two broken ribs, a lacerated chest, and a badly ruffled temper. It was understood in advance that there was to be no blood-letting at these gentle and refined entertainments. The bulls were merely to caper about in a picturesque manner and the men were to show only with what grace and facility they could exterminate their adversaries. But the bull that was "doing his turn" on a particular evening either did not know the rule or else broke faith. The result was to convert a tame and tedious show into a highly exhilarating spectacle, crowd the arena at the next performance with seven thousand persons, and produce great joy in the box-office. Now the manager says that Chicago, Buffalo and Coney Island are clamoring for his favor, while the purveyors of amusement at many other places are opening negotiations.

It is a question whether public taste, not only in the United States, but throughout the civilized world, has been educated up or down in recent years. A good many penetrating critics might be quoted to show that in literature, theatricals, and other forms of popular diversion, civilization during the past decade has followed a sliding scale—only that the sliding has been in the direction of lower, not higher, things. The prevalence of wars, which, though not in themselves great contests, have been numerous and costly, has accustomed people, doubtless, to hear of blood-letting with more complacency than formerly. Murder trials, and criminal records generally, as reported in the daily press, cannot but have a brutalizing influence on those who like to gloat over their morbid details. There is a great deal of evidence going to show that our veneer of civilization is as thin as in any past era; and if highly-cultured and wealthy Rome could see men devoured by wild beasts to make a spectacle, it is not surprising that a great many persons in this year of grace can get enjoyment out of a "slugging match," a football battle, or even a bull-fight or a lynching.

In connection with the numerous strikes now agitating the industrial world, the contention is often put forward that the remedy for such ills will be found in courts of arbitration. In some quarters the gentle-sounding phrase, "courts of conciliation," is used, but generally we get the idea in its harsher form as "compulsory arbitration." No one can conciliate two parties who have quarreled and are determined to have it out with each other, and if the mediatorial plan of settling industrial disputes be found to have any practical value, it will be in the form of compulsory arbitration. The Department of Labor at Ottawa provides all the necessary machinery for conciliation, and is doubtless as full a crystallization of public opinion on this subject as the country is yet ripe for. But it can only conciliate, and cannot give effect to a decision. To really settle disputes, power is required to enforce judgments, as the decisions of courts of law are enforced.

How any court standing between employer and employee is to make its awards binding is the crucial point. "Compulsory arbitration" is a contradiction in terms. Arbitration implies a willingness on both sides to be bound by the award of the referees. "Courts of conciliation" is another contradiction in terms, for the function of courts is not to conciliate but to decide. How is an arbitration, it is asked, to be made compulsory, or how is a court to enforce its judgment, unless it has the power to impose a penalty, and in the case of a strike what penalty could be provided? Could hundreds or perhaps thousands of workmen be imprisoned or fined for refusing to go back to work; or if the tribunal should bind the parties litigant in money bonds to obey its orders, would it not generally happen that the employers, being financially responsible, could be held liable, while a body of workmen, being irresponsible financially, could not be so held? If a body of workmen banded in a trades union were to be held in bonds as the employers were, every individual workman who might be dissatisfied with the decision could still lay down his tools, despite the court's order, and refuse to be bound by its decision. If the workman, being moneyless, were to be jailed for his money default, it would be imprisonment for debt—free labor would become slave labor, and free workmen would become slaves.

Such are some of the arguments used by those who think the compulsory arbitration of industrial wars a chimera. That they have a good deal of force must be admitted. And yet the important point is altogether overlooked that in any serious or prolonged strike, either side, to be successful, requires in the long run to be backed by public sympathy. Compulsory arbitration need not be held to imply that decisions would be executed with compulsion. The meaning is rather that each party to a dispute should be made to appear before a properly constituted tribunal and state its case fully and produce its evidence. The court having then reached a decision, public opinion would do the rest. Strikers could not afford to stand out against the judgment of an independent third party, nor would even millionaire employers of labor wish to incur the odium of having refused to abide by an award. The conscience of a properly informed public, seized of all the facts as brought out under investigation, would be in most cases a sufficient lever to enforce the decision of the court.

Social and Personal.

THE opening of the "Royal Muskoka," the splendid hotel on Lake Rosseau, will take place on Friday, August 2nd. A special excursion will be run from Toronto, in which many friends from Hamilton and elsewhere will be included, and a gala time may be expected. The Royal Muskoka fills a want all of us have felt, and while it is not proposed to run it as a cheap country hostelry, guests will feel they are getting all their money's worth in the comfort and luxury they will enjoy. This will revolutionize Muskoka, a veritable paradise which has long labored under the disadvantage, so far as wealthy patronage is concerned, of not owning a really swell hotel. The company is composed of solid men, well known capitalists and progressive investors. The chief of the hotel gets \$250 a month, and he can earn it. Everything is done on a liberal and up-to-date scale. Many responses have come to the invitations to go up on the 2nd and enjoy the hospitalities of the company. Many prominent society people will grace the opening. The annual regatta will take place on Monday, August 5th, just near the hotel on the beautiful waters of Lake Rosseau. Muskoka regattas are the essence of fun and



John Bull—If she accepts the ring, the first thing I know she'll be accepting him. [The St. Paul "Pioneer Press" flatters itself that this is the condition of affairs as between Canada and the United States. Not on your life, Sammy!]

sport, and this will be for many reasons the best ever held in the playground of Canada.

A distinguished and esteemed gentleman has gone to his rest, and to-day his mortal remains will be entombed in the midst of regret from thousands who loved and admired him. When the news of Hon. Senator Allan's severe illness some time ago came to his friends, they were gravely anxious, and through the winter of the past year many enquiries were continually made for him at Moss Park. In due time he recovered so far as to go to Ottawa during the session, and on his return to Toronto to be passably well. But the fine constitution was impaired to such an extent that the extreme weather of a few days since overtaxed it, and quietly and serenely, as he had lived, he died, in his home at Moss Park, with his wife and daughter and physician, Mr. Cameron, at his bedside. In his long life Senator Allan had experienced many and broadening. He travelled, studied, enjoyed and helped along everything good and noble. His gift in 1857 to Toronto of the Horticultural Gardens was a princely one. Millions have enjoyed it. A soldier, an art critic, a scholar, a philanthropist, a political honor bearer, a patron of universities and a staunch churchman, a prized friend, an exquisitely courtly and finished gentleman was this gifted and cultured man.

A party of women were taking luncheon together one day when the talk turned upon manners. "We have so few of the old school left to form the younger people upon," said one of the women. "Now, for instance, whom do you consider to have the most unexceptionable manners in Toronto?" Four of the seven women said as one, "Mr. Allan of Moss Park." The other two nodded. They had thought of another couple of beautifully-mannered elderly men, but agreed that Senator Allan was "facile princeps." I remember in one of my expansive moments telling Mr. Allan of this verdict, and watching his quiet smile of deprecation at being put above his fellows. This charm of gentle dignity was one which never left him, and never failed to impress those who were fortunate enough to have the privilege of his friendship.

Mrs. J. W. Coe and Master Ardagh have left for Cobourg, to be the guests of Mrs. Staples, "Fairview."

The following are the latest arrivals at Grimsby Park, the Canadian summer home: Mrs. S. B. Gundy, Mr. W. F. Gundy, Mr. G. E. Bradshaw, Mr. St. Leger, Mrs. H. B. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. James Haver, Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, Mr. W. A. Douglass, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cobb, Mr. James J. Spiers, Mr. and Mrs. Chater, Mrs. W. Andrews, Mr. Rechab Tandy, Mr. P. H. McGuire, Mrs. J. Greenfield, Mr. James Forster, Mr. James E. McEachern, Mr. W. H. Mara, Mr. C. H. Jewell, Mrs. T. McLelland, Mrs. and Miss Whitehouse, of Toronto; Messrs. J. H. Cooke, Jack Cooke and A. Mitchell of St. Louis; Miss J. M. Bordeaux, Miss Jessie B. Cole, Mr. F. E. Stearns, Mr. A. Fitton, of Buffalo; Miss Gussie Heartwell and Miss B. Cleveland of Madison, Ohio; Miss J. M. O'Connor of Baltimore; Mrs. H. A. Lake of Providence, R.I.; Mrs. G. W. Brown of Collingwood; Mr. H. J. Sline, Miss M. Bradley, Miss C. Calley, Miss Mae Reynolds, of Niagara Falls; Mr. F. F. Radway, Mr. E. Westland, of London, Ont.; Mr. H. B. Sinclair of Rochester, N.Y.; Mrs. A. M. Baldwin of Montgomery, Ala.; Miss L. Ewin, Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. J. W. Williams of Galt; Mr. E. Platt and Mr. R. Hunter of Plattsburgh; Messrs. C. E. Burkholder, C. C. McDonald, F. W. Moon, C. S. Cochrane, W. H. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. Balfour, Mr. G. McGregor, of Hamilton; Miss Ella Janney and Miss Mabel B. Wilkins of Galt.

On Wednesday evening the marriage of Mr. Edward Wheeler of 241 Crawford street and Miss Beatrice Lilian Tresidder took place at the home of the bride's mother, at half-past eight o'clock, Rev. Dr. Starr of Bathurst street Methodist church officiating. Miss Tresidder wore a wedding gown of white silk veiled with white organdie, with tucks and lace "entreeux" as trimming, and girdle and collar of silk. She carried white roses and lily of the valley. Miss Marie Wheeler, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, in pink silk and chiffon, and carried pink roses. Miss Buda Wheeler was the small maid of honor, in white organdie with white roses. Mr. P. Breen was groomsmen. After the ceremony a reception was held and a dainty dinner served, at which the bride's table was done in white ribbons and roses, and the guest-tables in pink. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler went to Windermere, Muskoka, for the honeymoon, the bride going away in a navy blue tailor gown and hat and a blouse of vieux rose taffeta. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler will live for the present at 241 Crawford street. Many beautiful presents were made, among others a silver tea service and silver from the business associates of the groom, a china dinner set from the groom's parents, a silver-handled carving-set from the groomsmen, beside gifts from Bermuda, Toledo, Denver, London, Vancouver, Hamilton, and Montreal.

Miss Norah Sullivan is spending this month at Longueville. Mr. and Mrs. John Carruthers and the Misses Carruthers returned from Scotland a couple of weeks ago, and are now sojourning at Hotel du Mont, Preston. They will remain there until their house is ready.

Great improvements are being made by Dr. Herbert Bruce in a residence in Bloor street east which he intends to occupy as home and surgery later on.

Mr. Beril Stewart spent the week's end with friends at Burlington, and was home to business on Monday.

Writing of the Glasgow Exhibition, a Toronto fair lady says: "We were in Glasgow and were fortunate enough to be there on the opening day of the Exhibition, and had a grand view of the Duke and Duchess of Fife as we were very near them. I quite fell in love with Her Royal Highness; she is so sweet and gracious. The Exhibition has paid already. The Glasgow people seem to understand thoroughly how to manage an affair of that kind."

Mayor Howland is in Detroit this week, and goes east to St. Andrew's, N.B., later, to attend a family reunion. A lovely spot for an affair of the kind.

Alderman Daniel Lamb, wife and family of Winchester

street are summering at Carthew Bay, Lake Simcoe. Miss Amy Evans of Liverpool, Eng., and Mr. Ab. Macabe of Toronto are guests of Alderman and Mrs. Lamb.

Shandon House, that commodious mansion on the north side of Anne street, near Yonge, is to lose its mistress, who has resided in Toronto for nearly two score years. Mrs. Anderson is to make her home in the South after this summer with her daughter, Mrs. H. Guest Collins, who some years ago married the well-known musician, Mr. H. Guest Collins, and after residing in Toronto for a time went south with her husband and family.

On July 19, Mr. Austin Boddy left for Africa, having realized a carefully cherished ambition by receiving an appointment on the Royal African Constabulary. Mr. Boddy carries an earnest enthusiasm in his chosen career and the good wishes of many warm friends in Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Evans of Spadina avenue, who have been for a year in London, returned to Canada this week, and are welcomed home with great pleasure. Both ladies look exceedingly well and have much enjoyed their visit to the Old Land.

Congratulations and many enquiries have found their way to Beverley street for the young mamma and her sturdy little son, since the news of Mrs. Charles Kingsmill's new honor has been made known. Both are doing remarkably well, and the third generation back is of course very proud of the grandson.

A little bird has whispered me a hint of two weddings to take place about the time of the Royal visit, and which will be more or less of a surprise, I fancy, to most people. No little jaunt is more enjoyable these afternoons than the little trolley or bicycle journey to the Humber, with the famous fish dinner as a climax. "Fish dinner" is announced in new paint that all who wheel may read, and the delicious little whitefish fresh from the net and the frying-pan, are simply great, while the after-dinner cosy chat on the lake shore is also very enjoyable, and may be varied by a peaceful paddle up the calm Humber river, a delightful spot near town.

The Aquatic dance last week was a broiler, the temperature being something calculated to dampen the ardor (and the collars) of anything but an island crowd. Those did not seem to mind it very much, dancing persistently through the usual bright programme. I caught a brief glimpse of Mr. Herbert Fortier, who was paddling instead of dancing, and looking none the worse for his recent disagreeable illness, to which I suspect there were ameliorations. The pretty girls and jolly boys of the summer season were out in full force, and island costume was "de rigueur." The music and floor were of the best, and though the mercury was above 90, lovers of dancing didn't seem to mind it.

Next Saturday, August 3, is going to be something very fine at the Pan-American. I have not heard any details, but I believe the concessionaires are up to some particular doings. Quite a number of Toronto people are to go over.

"Murphy of the Genesee," our manager-elect for the new hotel in King street, is one of the Buffalo hosts Toronto people are proving of the best, and rather congratulating themselves that he is soon to remove to this city.

Mrs. Ewing of Montreal did not return home, but has been spending the last fortnight or so at Niagara-on-the-Lake, where Miss Jette Vickers joined her this week. Miss Vickers will see her own portrait at the Pan when she enters the Canadian exhibit. I see by the New York papers that some of our Canadian artists get considerable praise, and all of them good advice, which, I fear, they will not accept and act upon. The tone of the advice is a bit patronizing.

Miss Justina Harrison is expected home to-day. Mrs. Arthur Ross has gone to Muskoka after a most pleasant visit with Mrs. Harrison.

Miss Helen Kirkpatrick is visiting friends in the country, as is also Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick.

Miss Melvin-Jones gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Julie Wyman at the Hunt Club on Thursday evening. I am told that in addition to her other gifts Miss Melvin-Jones is the possessor of a very sweet, high and clear soprano voice, which she is now cultivating. This clever girl will, no doubt, give great pleasure to her friends in the same charming line as has Miss Brouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Pipon, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick, and Miss Warwick, of Sunningdale, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Galbraith, are some Toronto guests at the Hotel Brant, Burlington. Last Saturday I caught a short vision of Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop at the band concert and dance at Hotel Brant.

Mr. and Mrs. James Macrae and their daughter, of Ottawa, are among the guests at Mrs. Fyle's, Berwick House, Center Island.

Miss Muriel Smellie is visiting relatives at Fort William for the months of August and September, and Miss Brenda Smellie is spending a few days with Mrs. George McMurrich, De Grassi Point.

The marriage of Mr. Gordon A. Brown, son of the late P. J. Brown, and Miss Ethel Cumines, daughter of the late Thomas Cumines, Welland, has been arranged for Wednesday, August 27th, at St. Stephen's church, Toronto.

Miss Clark, superintendent Grace Hospital, is spending her holidays in Belleville.

Miss Eggleston, Grace Hospital, has returned from her holidays.

Surgical Tailoring.

A CORRESPONDENT of "Forest and Stream" is moved to mention a certain little incident in surgical tailoring which he saw during a recent trip through Montana.

"My very good friend, Jack Monroe, joined us one evening at our bear camp on the Two Medicine lake. Jack was wearing a pair of Mackinaw trousers, which had seen better days, especially in the neighborhood of the knees. He had been hunting coyotes and creeping and crawling along after outlopes, wolves, and one thing and another, until he had worn the knees of these trousers pretty much to pieces. This, however, did not disconcert him. 'I will show you something,' said he. And borrowing a needle and thread he did show us something. He took his hunting knife and calmly cut the legs off the trousers about midway on the thigh. Then he reversed the legs on the stumps and sewed them fast on again, with the result that the worn-out knees were now behind him instead of in front of him. Viewed from the front, his Mackinaws were now just as good as new. As to the rear view, it is enough to say that it was not quite the same. It was a little difficult for us for some time to tell at a distance whether Jack was a coming or a going, but he declared the arrangement entirely satisfactory to himself. 'This,' said he, 'is what in the West we call upsetting a pair of pants.' I have never heard the term used in that connection, but recommend both the term and its implied operation to the fashionable tailors of the larger cities, where I am satisfied it is not yet in general use. He who makes two pairs of pants grow where before there had been but one, is properly to be called a benefactor of humanity."

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1 quart blackberries, 3 cup sugar, 1 cup ice water, or chopped ice, 6 Shredded Wheat Biscuits, 1 pint cream, powdered sugar. Wash and pick over the berries, crush 2 of them, add the sugar and ice water, set in cool place with a sharp pointed knife an oblong cavity in the top of the biscuit about 1 inch from sides and end; carefully remove the top and all inside shreds, making a basket. Fill with the crushed berries, letting the syrup saturate the biscuit. Put the whole berries on top, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with cream. Raspberries, strawberries, blueberries may be prepared in the same way. Blueberries may be used without crushing. Pineapple, peaches or cantaloupe may also be used, paring and cutting fine with silver knife, using same proportions of sugar and water.

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Social and Personal.

THE Yacht Club dinner and dance on Monday evening was quite the smartest, so far as general appearance went, of any that I have seen in that cool and charming place. Visiting women in town caught the aquatic enthusiasm which stirred the city during the day, on account of the grand victory of the Argonaut oarsmen, and though it was muscle and not wind which won, and there is beside a subtle rivalry in many points between the two popular and leading aquatic institutions which abide side by side on the water-front, it was only "glory" for everyone on Monday evening. Captain Barker, who had staked his judgment on the remark, "We've got the speed," was surrounded by the congratulations of his friends, and one or two of the eight who modestly showed up were simply in danger of finding "no dry place for the soles of their feet." As for the guests, they were there in hundreds, the balconies being so crowded that many persons took to the turf and promenade about the grounds, or sat on the terrace on the east side. By the way, a rather regrettable little accident was the conflagration of a smart summer hat, which was set afire by a match carelessly tossed from the upper balcony by an after-dinner smoker. Among the many pleasant dinners were one of ten covers given by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright in honor of Miss Maud Burnham of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Mrs. Haas, the Messrs. Hees, Mrs. and Miss Hogaboom, Mrs. and Miss May Reid, Miss Milligan of Bromley House, Mr. and Mrs. Tolmie Craig, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Buchanan, Major Burnham, Captain Kay of St. John, N.B., Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanton King, Mrs. Wilbur, Miss Hoffman of Elmira, Mrs. Fuller, the Misses Fuller, Mr. Cowan of Montreal, Mr. George Sears, Miss Perkins, Captain MacDonell, Mr. Alley, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Pearson, Miss Dot Stout, Miss Evelyn Lukes, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Miss Hilda Davis, Mr. Harman, Mr. C. A. Delisle, Mrs. Rough of Winnipeg, were a few of the guests augmenting that bonnie crowd of young islanders and city folks who always turn up at these Monday dances. The merry "Americans" were out in great force, several of their frocks being extra smart and adding greatly to the general effect. A very pretty little Texas girl from the Arlington was much admired. Mrs. Kearns was quite too fetching in a charming frock and gray malines hat crowned with many blue flowers. Miss Hoffman wore a vivid green gown, with guimpe, and sleeves of white lace, and a charming hat. Mrs. Wilbur wore mouseline and lace, and Mrs. King a very pretty summer gown and large hat. Mr. Alley brought a charmingly pretty girl in a black mouseline dress, hat to correspond. Mrs. Alfred Wright looked very pretty in white, with lace insertions. Many of the smartest young matrons are away for the summer, but their places have been filled by that transient vision of beauty and merriment which dawns upon us from the South about this time every summer.

Mrs. Humphrey has returned from the Adirondacks, and is at her home in Pembroke street. I hear that the exodus of servants to Buffalo has affected the Eastern summer resorts, and that cottagers find it next to impossible to get any help.

As the college students make such splendid waiters and guards, why don't the lady students go in for a holiday experience as hotel and private housemaids? If it's not derogatory to manly dignity, why should women avoid this quite "American" holiday usage?

The Isle of Champagne boys entertained the coxswains of the Argonauts, Mr. Norman Bastedo, at dinner on Monday evening with great éclat.

Mr. Herbert London gave a small dinner at the Yacht Club on Monday, in honor of Miss Acheson of Goderich.

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association have their badges now ready for members. Each year this association designs a new pin for its members, and this year's is quite pretty, in sterling silver, enamelled in red and blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldman and their family are, as usual, Islanders. Miss Clarke of the Boston City Hospital is spending the summer with her people at "Takitsay," West Point.

Mr. Dickson Patterson, having completed some urgent work, has gone to rejoin Mrs. Patterson in England, where she has been visiting her people, and lately stopping with her beautiful sister, Mrs. Morgan, who was in Toronto a year ago. Mrs. Morgan is now a proud mother, and at last accounts Miss Morgan, lately arrived, was doing very well.

Consul J. Enoch Thompson has gone again to Spain, and left the latter part of last week. I believe railway interests in the country of the Dons are becoming important just now. Mrs. Thompson has been with relatives in England for some time, enjoying a visit to her girlhood home.

Mrs. Ewing of Montreal and little Miss Katie have returned home, after a visit of some weeks to Mrs. Vickers, Adelaide street west.

The following guests are registered at The Welland, St. Catharines: Col. W. Ingersoll Merritt of London, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. Ennis Cargill of Houston, Texas, Mrs. Hespeler of Waterloo, Miss

Bain of Winnipeg, Mrs. Hunter Robb of Cleveland, Miss H. E. Davis of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McKee of Rome, N.Y., Mr. J. Meade, Mrs. L. C. Wainwright of New York, Dr. and Miss Freeman of England, Miss A. H. Thurlow, Mrs. E. J. Scott of Washington, Miss Griswold of New Orleans, Mrs. B. E. Charlton, Miss Bristol, Mr. J. J. Mason, Mr. R. E. Gallagher of Hamilton, Mayor Howland, Mr. J. Hopkins, Mrs. James Mortimer, Miss J. Mortimer, Mrs. L. A. Morrison, Mr. R. E. Land, Mr. and Mrs. A. White, Dr. L. M. Sweetnam, Lady Howland and Miss Bethune of Toronto.

Rev. H. Grasset Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin returned to Canada on the s.s. Tunisian a few days since, after a long residence abroad.

"Saturday Night" is indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Farmer Brothers, photographers, for the loan of the photos published last week illustrating an article on "The Foresters' Island," Deseronto.

In the last "Canadian Gazette" the following Toronto tourists are reported to have registered at the Canadian Government office, London: Mrs. David Macpherson, 6 Egerton Mansions S.W.; Mr. F. W. G. Fitzgerald, Hotel Cecil; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Veigh, Temple Hotel; Mrs. R. G. Wilkie, First Avenue Hotel; Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Spence, Miss Terry Irving and Miss Isabel Watt, 1 Granville place W.; Mr. H. C. and the Misses Boomer, Ford's Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Gibb, 19 Princes' Square W.; Miss Augusta Hodgins, 35 Elm Park Gardens, South Kensington; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld, 70 Lancaster Gate; Major G. A. and the Misses Stimson, 12 Nottingham place; Mrs. Robert Baldwin and the Misses Baldwin, 38 Trebovir road S. W.; Hon. William Mulock, Hotel Cecil; Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, 136 Sloane street; Mr. Claude Bryan, 20 Carlton House Terrace; Mr. George Hagerow, 17 Torrington Square, and Mr. James G. Merrick, 18 Frederick street N. W.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Steele, Dunnville, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday morning, July 17, when their eldest daughter, Miss C. Evelyn Steele, was married to Mr. Bruce Leadbetter of Toronto. The service was read by the rector of St. Paul's Church, Rev. T. Motherwell, B.A., at 7.30 o'clock, and after the ceremony a dejeuner was served, and the happy couple took the 8.40 train for Toronto, en route for Muskoka, where they will spend a three weeks' honeymoon. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue cheviot cloth, with an Eton coat opening over a white silk blouse, and a hat to match, trimmed with duchesse lace. Miss Lou Steele, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and wore a gown of heliotrope and white organdy, trimmed with black velvet beanie ribbon. Mr. Thomas G. Scott was groomsmen. Although the wedding was a quiet one, many beautiful presents were received. The groom's present to the bride was a gold watch and chain, and to the maid of honor a gold ring set with pearls and rubies. No more popular bride was ever wedded in Dunnville than Miss Steele. In social circles she will be greatly missed, her friends being joined the merry party at the depot, gathered to extend congratulations and wish the newly-wedded God-speed.

Dr. Walter F. Chappell of New York City has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chappell, of Sherbourne street.

Miss Pringle of Bloor street east was the guest of Miss Scholes at Inglewood, Simcoe Park, during the past week.

Among the guests registered at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are Mrs. Harding, Miss Harding and Miss Lillian B. Harding, Carlton street.

Miss Parkin of Lindsay, Ont., accompanied by her two little nieces, Mamie and Irene, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Linstrum, St. James avenue.

Dr. G. Sterling Hyerson and his family are at Sturgeon Point, Kawartha Lakes. The four boys have great fun with their steam launch, while it



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requires dainty footwear as well as the older members of the family. We can shoe the Baby with White, Blue, Pink, Red or Black soft-soled boots, which are as dainty as they are fashionable.

For the Older Baby

we have the finest Canadian and American makes in Patent Kid, Red Kid, Blue Kid, Chocolate Kid and Vici Kid, in Button and Lace Boots and Slipper Styles.

Bring your babies to us and have them properly fitted with foot-shaped shoes.

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takes Miss Hyerson to make fun with the whist. The doctor is of the opinion that there is no place like the Kawartha Lakes for recuperation and recreation.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Barron left on Tuesday, per steamer Kingston, on a trip to Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay.

Miss Bremner of Sherbourne street and Miss Ross left on Saturday for Lake Muskoka for the balance of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander E. Wheeler and family are summering at Lakeview Cottage, Carthew Bay, Hawkestone, Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. Doane, 9 Isabella street, accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss T. Roesler, is registered at the Kress Hotel, Preston.

The Misses Hagarty of Harbor street are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Merritt in their charming home in Richmond avenue, Buffalo.

Mr. Willie Galbraith went up to Burlington on Saturday to join Mrs. Galbraith and Master Allan, at Hotel Brant.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated on Monday afternoon in St. John's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, by Rev. John Young, when Miss Ethel May Appelbe, daughter of Dr. James Appelbe of Toronto, was married to Mr. George M. Binns of Toronto. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left for a two weeks' trip to the Muskoka Lakes. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Binns will reside at 14 Wilton crescent, Toronto, where the bride will receive her friends after September 1.

Miss Landon Wright, B.A., has been appointed teacher of classics in St. Margaret's College, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Street. Miss Wright graduated in 1900 with the McCaul gold medal for classics, and the Frederick Wyld medal for English. In 1899 she carried off the Moss scholarship for classics; in 1890 the William Mulock prize for classics, and the classical prize for history; in 1897 the Moss scholarship for classics and first-class honors in English and history; in 1895 the Mary Mulock scholarship for classics and the Edward Blake scholarships in classics and moderns.

General Arthur Frederick Barrow, C.M.G., D.S.O., who has for twelve months been in command of the Indian native forces on service in China, was in Toronto this week, and stopped at the Queen's. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, who is also returning to England on leave.

Temptation.

In our carelessness we may often tempt other people without knowing it. Sir Edward Malet writes in "Shifting Scenes" that he had gone to a hotel, at Milan, and eager to see the sights, sallied forth, leaving his portmanteau yawning, his dressing-case ajar, and money on the table.

I thought of nothing save that I was once more in Italy. Still, I locked my door, and took the key with me. When I came back, an aged and shriveled housemaid followed me into my room. She was wringing her hands.

"Ah, mio signore," cried she, going up to the dressing-table and opening a little drawer. "Is this yours?"

In the drawer lay ten or a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes," I said, "they are mine."

"Ah, mio signore," cried she, how could you do it? How could you leave this money about? It was all lying on the table."



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No. 10 in Real Seal, Black, leather lined, fancy metal frame. Price.....\$3.00
No. 12, Real Seal, Black, large size, leather lined, very handsome oxidized frame. 5 inch, \$5.50. 6 inch, \$7.00.

Our range is too large to describe in full. These are just a few selections. The prices are from \$1.00 to \$7.00.

No. 14, Real Morocco, leather lined, black. Price—5 in., \$2.
No. 16, Real Seal, leather lined, black. Price—5 in., \$3.
No. 18, Real Seal, in Gray, Chocolate, Tan, leather lined. Price—5 in., \$3.50

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335 JARVIS ST.

"Why, I locked my door. I knew it was safe."
"No," she cried, "it was not safe! It was cruel to put such temptation in my way!" She sank upon a chair and burst into tears. "Think of me, signore, I am very poor. I have six children to keep and a husband who can do no work. The money would make me rich, and you leave it on the table, the gold pieces all loose to dazzle my eyes and to put the devil into my heart! Through your thoughtlessness I might go to jail, my children might starve, my husband die. Ah, signore, mis, never do it again! Think of the poor. Be merciful to us. Do not put temptation in our way."

It does not seem to have occurred to Sir Edward Malet that possibly the old housemaid was trying to work him for a gift of the gold pieces.

The Definition.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by "steward?" Johnny—A steward is a man who doesn't mind his own business. Teacher—Where do you get that idea? Johnny—Well, I looked it up in the dictionary, and it said, "A man who attends to the affairs of others."—Cape "Register."

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Superior Work and Goods at most reasonable prices. Largest Stock of Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Switches, etc., on the Continent. Catalogue free. Address—

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TO make Plaiting that will stay in is an art not too well known. This is the only place in Canada where all kinds of plaiting are well and thoroughly made. Single, Double and Triple Box Plaiting. Knife, Slide, Kilt, Parisian, Accordion, Sun, Space, Cluster, and all fancy kinds can be done in any material. Orders sent by mail or express will be returned promptly. Send for circular.

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Blurred Color Line

For SATURDAY NIGHT

By "PINCE NEZ."

"FIVE thousand dollars reward is offered for Miss Maddison," said the station sergeant, yawning over his last hour on duty, for it was two o'clock in the morning.

"That's a queer disappearance as ever we tried to fathom. A young girl buys a ticket for Chicago, takes a Pullman car, gets to her destination, fees the porter, gets in a street car and is never heard of again. Her aunt telegraphs to know why she doesn't arrive. Her parents telegraph that she left, as arranged. The conductor remembers her, the Pullman porter remembers her. And, with all that, she drops out of sight like a falling star. She was one of the prettiest girls in Denver."

"And her luggage?"

"Was claimed by someone the same day and shipped east."

"So she must have left Chicago."

"Not at all. Her checks were presented, but anyone might have got hold of them. Strange, however, that they struck the right place for finding the trunks, unless they were on the train, too."

"And the luggage was claimed again?"

"No, not until the mother described the contents of a left trunk at Grand Rapids, which had the girl's initials on it. It was one of the trunks just as the mother had packed it. Five thousand dollars reward," and the station sergeant sighed. "I'd like to earn it."

I was going to Grand Rapids, and laughingly remarked: "Well, I'll look out for Miss Maddison, sergeant. What did she look like?" The sergeant opened a locked drawer. Here's a photograph of her," he said. "She's a beauty—at least, she was. I doubt if she's alive." I saw a cabinet portrait of a lovely, fragile-looking, refined girl, with long, slender nose and thin, arched lips, a sensitive, high-strung spiritual creature, but with nothing of weakness in her features. The great, serious eyes were deep and very beautiful, and half veiled by rather heavy lids. Anyone seeing that face wouldn't easily forget it. "May I have that picture?" I asked, impulsively. "I'll bring it back on my return trip."

The station sergeant laughed. "I got it from a reporter who made a drawing of it for the paper," he said. "But, as you say, I'd recognize Miss Maddison anywhere. She had the loveliest pale-gold hair, curled in little rings all over her head, just like a boy."

"You've seen her?"

"Certainly. She has often visited her aunt here, and I used to have a beat on the North Side before I got promotion. Miss Maddison spent one whole summer in Chicago, the year of the World's Fair. She was only a slip of a girl then. She was nineteen the day before she disappeared."

"Strange story," I said, carelessly, but I put the photo in my pocket, and presently strolled to the station to await my train for the East. It was not long before I was comfortably settled for the trip and had impressed my porter with the fact that I was a person of consequence. How it is possible to do this I shall not make public, but the porter, a tall and fine-looking negro, hovered about me with a solicitude which was most soothing.

"We change time at Chicago, porter; what is the right hour?" I asked, as he stooped before me to put in a cinder screen. He pulled out his watch, turning it away from me, and I caught its inner side reflected in the little mirror which was set between the seats, he holding the watch very close to it as he stooped. In the lid was set a woman's picture, at which I stared as if galvanized. It was a tiny replica of the large photo which at that very moment stretched my breast pocket. What was this son of Ham doing with the picture of the young Denver lady whose disappearance had raised such a commotion? Before I could draw breath the porter snapped his watch shut, said in deferential tones, "Barely a quarter to three, sah," and straightened his tall form, as the cinder-screen slipped into its groove.

"Have you been long on this run, porter?" I asked, carelessly.

"Yes, sah, run from Chicago to Detroit for several years now."

"And never further?"

"No, sah. I don't know Canada at all."

"Nor west of Chicago, either?" I asked, carelessly still, with my eye on him, as he reached into an upper berth opposite. For just one moment he hesitated, then with a short laugh he answered:

"Well, not much, sah. I've run through to 'Priso several times, and once or twice short trips. This is my regular route." Someone rang, and the porter hurried away, but presently he came back. "You goin' through to Canada, sah?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," I said. "If I don't find what I want first."

"Oh, you'll find it, sah," he said, with cheery conviction, and made himself busy over his bed making again.

I went through to Detroit, after all. I don't know why, except that I hate being routed out at night, and when one has privileges such as I enjoyed it's no matter how far one chooses to travel. At Detroit I gave my man a dollar. "Buy your sweetheart an ice cream," I said, as he profusely thanked me. "My good lady thanks you, sah," he said, merrily. "I see a married man, sah."

"Then what the mischief," said I to myself, "does your wife think of your carrying a white girl's picture in your watch cover?"

As I selected a cigar in the nearest reliable shop, again I thought of the five thousand dollars awaiting an earner, and a solution arrived. "He's got the picture for the very same reason I mustn't go on any but with this photo in my possession and be searched by some officious bobby!" and I grinned at what my wife would say if she read in the papers that I was a suspected abductor of Denver womankind.

I had occasion to visit a man whose apartment was in rather an unpopular neighborhood that afternoon, and as we lounged in his sitting-room window I idly asked him what sort of neighbors he had. "Oh, all sorts," he said, cynically. "Poor clerks can't live in swell localities. I have Jews to the right, and shady folks here and there. They're an inoffensive lot, white, brown and black." I looked across the road, where some very tidy windows stood open. A small shop occupied the ground floor, and "Room To Let" was the legend on a card in the window. Above were the tidy open windows, and just within one of them hung across a chair a blue coat, gold-buttoned, and a railway porter's cap.

"Very decent nigger and his wife live there," said my Bohemian. "I suppose he's a Pullman porter; he's always apparently in bed most of the day when I go by. Wife's a perfect little devil, with the prettiest voice. Sings very nicely, and is a good-looking. Not a real nigger; more of white than black. One of Topsy's cream-colored niggers. Works somewhere. I often meet her going up-town of a morning. But what am I giving you, old chap? Excuse me. In my lonely life I become observant of any person not quite repulsive. Let's drop the neighbors. They're a sorry lot."

I stayed in Detroit for a week, and had business with this man which took me to his rooms again. While there I heard a beautiful soprano voice singing a rather difficult scrap of an opera some five years old. "That's my cream-colored Dinah," said the man, flippantly. "I wish she'd come and water her window-boxes. It's time she looked after them." Just as he spoke the curtains parted and a slim arm came out, holding a small shower watering-pot. The singing woman began to water her flowers, and I could see her small brown face peering down at her carefully showered plants. Her dark hair lay in little curls upon her forehead, and her eyes looked handsomely across the narrow street. When she caught sight of me watching her she became mute and drew partly back. "She's a nice little thing, and not bold, as you see," said my client, observing her. "Even these humble folk have the good of life. They took those rooms about three years ago, and I quite enjoy them. Just a tidy pair. He's a great big chap, very good-looking for a day-laborer. See! there he is, at the other window." There he was in his shirt-sleeves, my porter of the train from Chicago. We both drew back, as he leaned from the window and looked up and down the narrow street. The woman at the other window also leaned out, and called to him, pointing to a straggling strand of nasturtiums which trailed holly independent from her flower-garden. She reached her arm very far out and tried to imprison the trailing flowers, and just then her sleeve caught in a nail protruding from the window-frame, and rip! went the dark cambric, laying bare a couple of inches of her upper arm. I started and exclaimed:

"What's the matter?" said my client, curiously, as the cry burst from my lips.

"Oh, nothing. She's torn her dress," I answered, as she disappeared, and the porter also withdrew into the seclusion of the room opposite.

But I have extra good eyes. I had seen her bare upper arm, and as sure as I was alive it was as white as the driven snow.

It was quite dark that night when I entered the small shop, wearing my worst coat and a newly-purchased cheap hat, in which I felt very much over-dressed.

"You've a room to rent?" I asked the old mother who sold wurst and other delectable edibles.

"Yah, mein herr; vater, komm!"

Vater came, and we soon struck a bargain. "I will pay you for a month," I said. "And when I get my trunk I will send it. My name is Jones. Put the trunk in for me."

"Yah," said vater. "It is a nice room, and maybe some good essen is by the shop."

"You could send up my breakfast each day?" I inquired.

"Yah, for ein mark—twenty-five cent."

"Very good. Send it to-morrow morning at eight o'clock," and I betook myself to my small hall bedroom, very separated from the porter's menage by a plastered wall. During the evening I journeyed out more than once, purchasing several things at the queer little shops and grinning as I saw across the way the head and shoulders of my client, propped up in an easy chair.

Presently a soft, clear soprano voice began to sing very sweetly next door, and a tinkling accompaniment on a rather fair piano was audible. The woman played and sang with evident culture and ability. And she was the wife of a colored porter! She sang so softly that I didn't catch the words at first, but presently I entrapped a line which was not English. My heart beat quicker. No one can imagine the strength of the impulse that guided me, as I gently set my door ajar and listened.

The old German frau was going to bed, and she paused before my door. "You dere, mister?" she asked. "You don't light de gas?"

"No, I have bad eyes. I am resting after working," I mendaciously explained.

"Dose singin' bees nice?" she asked. "You like dem?"

"Yes," I said. "Is it your daughter who sings German?"

"Ach, no; das ist Frau Jackson. Ach! She is schmart singer, hein?"

And the old woman glided away as my neighbor's door opened quickly and the girl came out.

"You want me?" she called to the retreating German.

"Nod ad all, my chilt; nod ad all. Only I wait to hear 'Du Bist wie Elbe Runnen.' That is nice singin'!"

"Good-night," said the clear, sweet voice—the cultured, white voice!

"Guten-nacht, my chilt. Schlafen sie wohl!" said the guttural German voice; and I stood in the dark, with many queer thoughts.

The girl paused before my open door. "Is anyone there?" she said, nervously.

"A blind man, young lady, who has rented this room to-day, and thanks you for your music."

She shrank into her room timidly. "Oh! I did not know the room was taken," she said, hesitating. "There is a box of mine in it. Shall I send down for the boy to take it out?"

"Don't trouble until to-morrow," I said. "It will be quite safe. I shall lock my door, madam." Then she very gently closed her own door, and the house was perfectly still.

And I waited until very late before I cautiously lit my gas and found under the sofa bed the box of the porter's wife. It was a very good box, indeed—expensive, and not much used—and on the end were three letters—E. G. M.—which certainly did not spell Jackson! Very early in the morning I arose and went out, and found a locksmith to open a locked trunk. He soon had the trunk open, and took me a key which fitted it, and took himself off before eight o'clock. Then I hesitated, but only for a moment. I had gone too far to resist further temptation. In a trice the tray of the trunk was on my bed, and I was looking at its contents. As a married man, I could appreciate the cost of the dainty things it contained, none of which I dared disturb. I gingerly opened the hat-box. There, tucked in one corner was a dainty gray card-case, which I very carefully took out. Several cards were in it, and on each one was engraved "Emily Gordon Maddison!" I took one of them, hid it in my own pocketbook, and replaced the card, locked the trunk, and carefully showed it back under the sofa-bed.

I had found what I wanted, and five thousand dollars lay in my inside pocket! After breakfast the boy came for the trunk, which he carried into the next room, and during the day I heard some more singing—such happy carols that I almost thought the whole business must be a weird dream, until I suddenly glanced into my pocket again at the card. "What under the canopy could have led this sweet young lady to bestow herself upon a nigger?" I asked, furiously. "To leave home and family and associations, and live in a grubby city slum and yet be happy enough to sing in that wondrous way?" I am afraid when on the second or third morning I heard a deep mellow voice sending my heart clear tingle I had a murderous impulse to begin an assault upon a son of Ham!

Before I became solicitor for the railway I had taken five years of criminal practice, and had come across some queer cases. But here was I, by a curious fatality, mixed up in a complication at once weird and interesting to a degree. "I shall go to Denver," I said, suddenly, when I had received at my supper-table an imperious telegram from my wife, asking when I was coming home to arrange our holiday trip. So on the next evening I boarded a train, and as soon as I stepped into the sleeper I encountered the tall form and dollar smile of my friend the colored porter.

"Evening, sah. Yes, the parlor is vacant. I got a message from town 'bout an hour back," he said, politely. "You go clear through to the link, sah?"

"Yes, to Chicago," I said.

He regarded me with reminiscent eye and smiled. "Got what you was lookin' for, sah?"

I started and stared, then answered thoughtfully, "I think so, John; I think so." For I remembered my words of a fortnight earlier.

"That's good, sah. Told you you would, sah. Keep an eye on the low chink the porter showed me to my state-room."

I fell asleep as comfortably as old travelers do, and neither dreamed of Jackson nor his white helmet. When I awakened he was abroad. There was a wicked jolt and jar, loud calls and a crash of rending timbers. The door burst open, and the porter shot in, armed with a long iron bar, and together we fell to the floor, to the roof—somewhere—he over me, and then there was a sickening interval of faintness, which lasted but a moment, and cool night air blowing upon me, and someone deeply groaning close by. I stretched up an arm and touched a warm face. "Oh, God! Is that you, sah?" said a deep bass. "We're wrecked, sah! A head is lying across my back. It's close on good-bye time, I guess, for me!"

I put up my hand again. "I'm all right, porter, but a cut on the head," I said, weakly. "I shall call out for help," which I proceeded to do with my feeble might.

Then the deep voice went on. "I see, sah. The big beam's broke my back. I feel it coming. Oh, God! and Lady-bird's all alone!"

A sudden terror rang through his voice. I touched his face again. "See here, porter; is Lady-bird your wife?" I asked, gently stroking his cheek. "Don't give in yet. Tell me what you want."

Signs of Paralysis

Can be Discovered in Time.

"Numbness of the hands and arms, with premonitions of paralysis, kept by me while I was using coffee. I finally discovered it was caused by coffee; when I quit the coffee and began drinking Postum Food Coffee the numbness ceased entirely, and I have been very well ever since. At that time I was unable to sleep, but now I sleep perfectly."

Husband was also troubled from lack of sleep while he was drinking coffee. I set him to live through again. My husband, usually so alert and well-regulated, was simply at loose ends. I was now the blind lodger, now the Peeping Tom across the road, now the man of business, and above all, the man for whom another man had faced death and been taken at his word. Mrs. Jackson, being quite unsuspecting, had decided the advantage of me. I gave her the watch and the message, the latter as well as I could. Then I dodged her tremulous thanks, her tremulous lips upon my hand, and bolted from her presence in a complete state of demoralization.

"We are going home soon, husband,"

me to do, when we get out of this wreck."

"Do!" he screamed. "You can't do nothing, sah. She's all alone except for me. She left all of 'em for me." And his voice trembled. "She's an angel, sah, is my wife, sure enough. God help her!"

"Well, she shall never want, John," I said, solemnly. "I swear it, and if you feel so badly—there anything you'd like me to say to her from you?"

"Tell her I did worshipping her," he said, in almost fierce tones. "Tell her if it could be but tell her I couldn't leave her. Tell her I'll be back. She'll understand. Tell her if he'll last forever and I'm in the midst of it, I've no complaint to make. I've had my heaven. Can you reach me again, sah?" I knew perfectly what was coming, and touched, not his face, but his body. "Can you get my watch, sah, and put it in your clothes? Will you take it to her? My address is written on it, on the chain, sah. Will you just give it to her yourself, sah?"

"Indeed I will, if you don't get there first," I said, cheerily, feeling in the vest pocket and taking out the watch. "Looks like robbery, porter," I continued, stowing it away in my pocket. "See here, if my legs weren't pinned down, I'd try to help you. Now, I am going to call out again—a lantern is coming this way."

My shouts soon brought some scared rescuers, who succeeded in freeing my legs and dragging me from the wreck, when I promptly fainted and was carried to a shed near by. When I came to, my first words were, "Where's the porter?"

A man gasped out. "We can't loose him; he's pinned fast. Ain't groaning any more, so I guess he's passed in his checks. Did you know him, mister? Reckon he saved you from that big beam that's lying 'cross his spine now. He was a powerful nigger that, and as white inside as they make 'em."

The past tense was chilling. "Go and see if he is dead, and if not, tell him to hang on, and that I swear I'll not forget to do as I promised him, and more also."

"Well, don't excite yourself, mister, or you'll go off again. Here's the doctor, was nearest, and away he went, grimy and weary, to take my message. Presently he came back. "Porter's passed out, mister," he said, tersely. "I went straight to him with your word, and as soon as I gave it, he just said, 'Good-bye, Lady-bird!' and gin up."

When I had been put to bed in a wayside shack, and another man had gone with a telegram to my wife and yet another to "Lady-bird," and the day dawned on the wreck, the doctor came again. "They have freed the body of your porter, sir," he said. "What do you wish now?"

"Have it cared for in the best way possible. Forward it by special if you can to the nearest undertaker, and then look out for the answer to my telegram. And say, doctor, I have his watch and a message for his wife, which I am pledged to deliver."

"Right," said the doctor, heartily. "For, by design or accident, he certainly saved your life, sir." "Oh, he meant it all right," I said, with a catch in my voice. "He made slight for my state-room when we collided, and spread his arms above me. God have mercy on him!" Then I bethought me of my friend the clerk in Detroit, and the five thousand dollars reward offered by the parents of Miss Maddison for information as to her whereabouts.

"I'll give him a chance to earn that some day," I said. "For I don't want to have a hand in the matter till after I have just one talk with the Lady-bird."

Very soon a man came in with a wire for me, two, three of them! My wife's first—only three words, "Thank God. Coming." My partner's—"Will be down by special this morning." The Lady-bird's—"Send body to Mrs. Jackson."

Second street, Detroit. Wire when to meet it. Then, for all the terror and the sadness, I slept for hours.

My wife sat at my bedside when I awoke, pale but smiling. Only those who enjoy happy married life can guess how my first words and thoughts were intimately personal; but suddenly an idea struck me. Here was my natural helper in the case of the Lady-bird. So, while we sat hand in hand, I told her what you know from the tale; showed her the two pictures, and enlisted her warm sympathy. "You must go to her," I said, decidedly. "Go to the Cadillac, send a carriage for her, and get that damn stuff off her face and hands. I suppose the hair-dye will take time." My wife put her hand over my mouth. "Don't swear over it, dearest," she reproved. "She shall be wrecked, sah! A head is lying across my back. It's close on good-bye time, I guess, for me!"

I put up my hand again. "I'm all right, porter, but a cut on the head," I said, weakly. "I shall call out for help," which I proceeded to do with my feeble might.

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"We are going home soon, husband,"

are we not?" asked my wife, when she had somewhat calmed me.

I sent for my friend of Second street, and invited him to earn five thousand dollars. Needless to say, he left for the West on the next train with a bee in his bonnet and an address in Denver in his breast pocket. In due time a couple of notices appeared in the Denver papers to the effect that Miss Maddison had reached home a widow, having eloped three years before with a secret lover and on his death returned and been welcomed with enthusiasm. My wife and myself advised the Lady-bird to keep her own counsel, and she did so, her married life being amply vouched for by my wife and myself, and its details being unknown even to the clerk, who pocketed the five thousand dollars and made his fortune apparently through a chance recognition of the lost girl when in our company in Detroit. We love the Lady-bird dearly, and my wife looks with detective eyes at every porter on the line.

One day I visited once more the sergeant of police, and returned him the photograph. "You should have had it sooner, had I not been nearly killed in that railway collision," I said, with a wild desire to tell him of my series of surprising experiences.

"Ah, well, sir, them that's born to be having, you know," said the sergeant, yawning. "Now, wasn't it queer that just two months after you and I had that talk about Miss Maddison she should turn up? She saw life, if that's what she went away for, anyway?"

"Aye, and death, too," said I, softly.

"And to think how easy that Detroit chap spotted her at the Cadillac. But I suppose he got there just in time. They say she was on her way home to her people. Well, there won't be another five thousand dollars lying round for him to pick up as easy. There wasn't much about it in the papers," he asked, with professional curiosity.

"Very little," I assented. "It was just a runaway love match." But all the same, it remains to me a psychic mystery.

The Deacon's Exhortation.

A white minister was conducting religious services in a colored church in North Carolina recently. After exhorting a bit, he asked an old colored deacon to lead in prayer, and, according to the Roanoke "News," this is the appeal which the brother in black offered for his brother in white: "O Lord, gib him de eye ob de eagle dat he spy out sin afar off. Glue his hands to de gospel p'ow. Tie his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees, and his knees way down in some lone some, dark and narrow valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. Noint him wid de kerosene tie of salvation and sot him on fire."

A Damaging Defence.

Mark Twain, says "Life," has got support from an unexpected quarter in his efforts to demonstrate the imprudence of some things done by missionaries in China. In the "Forum" a missionary named Gilbert Reid has defended looting by missionaries with so much candor and jauntiness, and has so gloried in such looting as he did himself, as not to leave the critics of the looting missionaries much to do to prove their case. Anyone who was sorry for the American missionaries in China, because our Brother Mark found fault with some things that some of them did, will be doubly sorry for them when he reads their defence by the Rev. Gilbert Reid. They may have been looted, and they may have been justly incurred Mark's strictures, but they never deserved the Rev. Reid's defence.

A Child's Suffering.

Her Mother Feared She Would Not Regain Her Health.

She Was First Attacked With Rheumatism and Then With St. Vitus Dance—She Was Unable to Help Herself and Had to Be Cared For Almost Like an Infant.

From the "Sun," Orangeville, Ont.

Among the much-respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. Marshall, who lives in a pretty little cottage on First street. For some years her twelve-year-old daughter, Mamie, has been a sufferer from rheumatism combined with that other terrible affliction—St. Vitus' dance. In conversation recently with a reporter of the "Sun," Mrs. Marshall told the following story of her daughter's suffering and subsequent restoration to health: "At the age of eight," says Mrs. Marshall, "Mamie was attacked with rheumatism, from which she suffered very much, and although she was treated by clever doctor her health did not improve. To make her condition worse, she was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, and I really give up hope of ever seeing her enjoy good health again. Her arms and limbs would twitch and jerk spasmodically, and she could scarcely hold a dish in her hand, and had to be looked after almost like an infant. While Mamie was in this condition a neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with beneficial results in her own family advised me to try them in Mamie's case. I had myself often heard these pills highly spoken of, but it had not occurred to me before that they might cure my little girl, but now I decided to give them to her. Before she had completed the second box I could see a marked change for the better, and by the time she had taken five boxes all trace of both the rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance had vanished, and she is now as bright, active and healthy as any child of her age. Some time has elapsed since she discontinued the use of the pills, but not the slightest trace of the trouble has since made itself manifest. I think, therefore, that I am safe in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only restored my child to health, but have worked a permanent cure."

Rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and all kindred diseases of the blood and nerve speedily yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the cures thus effected are permanent, because this medicine makes rich, red blood, strengthens the nerves, and thus reaches the root of the trouble. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or will be sent post-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

"We are going home soon, husband,"

are we not?" asked my wife, when she had somewhat calmed me.

I sent for my friend of Second street, and invited him to earn five thousand dollars. Needless to say, he left for the West on the next train with a bee in his bonnet and an address in Denver in his breast pocket. In due time a couple of notices appeared in the Denver papers to the effect that Miss Maddison had reached home a widow, having eloped three years before with a secret lover and on his death returned and been welcomed with enthusiasm. My wife and myself advised the Lady-bird to keep her own counsel, and she did so, her married life being amply vouched for by my wife and myself, and its details being unknown even to the clerk, who pocketed the five thousand dollars and made his fortune apparently through a chance recognition of the lost girl when in our company in Detroit. We love the Lady-bird dearly, and my wife looks with detective eyes at every porter on the line.

One day I visited once more the sergeant of police, and returned him the photograph. "You should have had it sooner, had I not been nearly killed in that railway collision," I said, with a wild desire to tell him of my series of surprising experiences.

"Ah, well, sir, them that's born to be having, you know," said the sergeant, yawning. "Now, wasn't it queer that just two months after you and I had that talk about Miss Maddison she should turn up? She saw life, if that's what she went away for, anyway?"

"Aye, and death, too," said I, softly.

"And to think how easy that Detroit chap spotted her at the Cadillac. But I suppose he got there just in time. They say she was on her way home to her people. Well, there won't be another five thousand dollars lying round for him to pick up as easy. There wasn't much about it in the papers," he asked, with professional curiosity.

"Very little," I assented. "It was just a runaway love match." But all the same, it remains to me a psychic mystery.

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KING TEETH



That tooth root, that you may suppose hopelessly useless from decay or accident, has been transformed by the skill of modern dentistry to a price among teeth, the hair-apparent to a crown of gold, which will restore its lost beauty and usefulness.

Do you understand this dental Crown Work?

We do—from years of active experience—and we'd like to tell you some interesting things we know about it. Usual charge for gold crown and bridge work can be figured at five dollars per tooth.

NEW YORK REAL PAINLESS DENTISTS
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets,
Entrance: No. 1 Adelaide East.
DR. C. F. ENGLISH, Prop. TORONTO

Thrifty Business Men

get their methods from a good training. The old-fashioned method was ten or twenty years of office work. The up-to-date way is a course in the

British American Business College
V. M. C. A. Building,
Cor. Yonge & McGill Sts., Toronto.
DAVID HOSKINS, Chartered Accountant, Principal.

Toronto... OSTEOPATHY

567 SHERBOURNE ST.
BRANCH OFFICE—Carman Block, opp. Post Office, St. Catharines, Ont.
Successfully Treating all Diseases Without Drugs
Call or Write for Further Particulars.
Consultation Free.

We have TO-DAY another shipment of...
SIRDAR SHIRTS
and shifting for Waists, Pyjamas, etc.
Can fill all orders now. This soft, white, non-shrinking material has no equal.

"JAEGER" DEPOT, 85 King St. West

A Fable For Fathers-in-Law.

MINISTER WU TING-FANG, the ambassador of China to the United States, was one of a number of speakers at the Presentation Day exercises of the Gallaudet College for the Deaf, recently.

Mr. Wu frankly confessed to some degree of embarrassment, this being his first experience in addressing an audience composed largely of deaf persons. He further intimated that the presence of the president of the college by his side, interpreting his remarks, sentence by sentence, to the mutes, was not calculated to lessen his discomfort.

Mr. Wu declared that deafness, though a handicap, is not so serious an affliction as is commonly supposed, and further, that the mysterious law of compensation steps

Only vegetable oils
—and no coarse ani-
mal fats—are used
in making

"Baby's Own Soap"

PURE, FRAGRANT, CLEANSING.

Doctors recommend
it for Nursery and Toilet use.

Beware of Imitations.

Albert Toilet Soap, Mfrs., Montreal.

GENTLEMEN

now is the time to have your
outing or boating jackets cleaned. Our
French Dry Cleaning process is the correct
thing. Totally annihilates dirt.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.

301 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. West,
471 and 1307 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St.
East.
Phones: North 3011, Main 2143 and 1004.
Park St.

EYE-STRAIN.....

The Eye, as well as other organs of the body,
becomes fatigued if overtaxed. A pair of pro-



perly fitted glasses will rest and relieve the
eye-strain.

P. S. BLACHFORD

Refraction Optician

114 YONGE STREET

(Over Blachford's Shoe Store)

A. E. AMES & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS

18 and 20 King Street East, Toronto

Buy and Sell Investment Securities on Com-
mission on all principal Stock Exchanges.

Receive deposits; allow interest on deposits
and credit balances; draw bills of exchange
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A. E. AMES (Members Toronto Stock
Exchange)
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Ice-Cream Freezers

Moulds

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Ice-Cream

Requisites

FLETCHER M'F'G. CO.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. D. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy
to take as sugar.

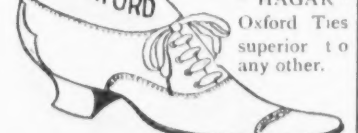
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COLIC.
Genuine and safe.
Price 25 Cents.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The Merits

of a low slice
on a hot day need
no explanation.

You'll find
"HAGAR"

Oxford Ties
superior to
any other.



H. & C. Blachford, 114 Yonge St.

Curious Bits of News.

A Chinese writer says that "among
the 400,000,000 of Chinese there are
fewer murders and robberies in a year
than there are in New York State."

Half a century ago a thin stream of
Niagara Falls was first led aside to
turn a grist-mill. To-day a larger
stream, which diminishes seriously the
amount of water that passes over the
fall, furnishes almost half a million
horse-power.

Doctor Vokes, the director of the
Buenos Ayres National Board of
Health, reports that during a recent
trip to Paraguay he accidentally dis-
covered that naphthalene is an excel-
lent remedy for mosquito bites. It neu-
tralizes the poison, he says, even when
the bite has caused considerable in-
flammation, and if a fresh bite be
rubbed with naphthalene no swelling
follows.

One of the great packing-houses of
Chicago has prohibited profanity upon
its premises. The primary purpose of
the order was to protect employees
against abuse by swearing foremen or
overseers. In commenting on the or-
der the Chicago "Post" says: "It is one
of the better signs of the times that in
these days the men at the head of af-
fairs are presumed to be, if not Chris-
tians, at any rate gentlemen. They find
ways enough of making their
wishes intelligible and effective with-
out resort to bluster or swagger or the
indecencies of blasphemy."

Comparisons between the cost of gov-
ernment in France to-day and during
the last year of the empire are being
made, to the disadvantage of the re-
public. In 1869 the total cost amounted
to \$385,000,000. In the year ending
March 31, 1901, the expenditures
amounted to \$600,000,000. Meantime the
population has remained almost sta-
tionary, and the per capita cost of gov-
ernment for the last fiscal year
amounted to \$18. The increase in cost
is due largely to the ruinous French
policy of refunding debts and annual
deficits and to the cost of maintaining
unproductive colonies.

In Tonkin, Indo-China, there is a tim-
ber-mine in good working order. In a
sand formation, at a depth of from
fourteen to twenty feet, a deposit of
trunks of trees has been found, and
from this deposit the people dig tim-
ber. It is procured in good condition,
and is used for making coffins and
trunks and for carving. The trunks
are many of them three feet in diame-
ter and forty-five feet long, being ap-
parently the remains of fir-trees which
were buried thousands of years ago by
an earthquake. There is an extensive
forest in this sand formation, and the
timber, although it has been buried so
long, is not in the form of coal. This
somewhat strange fact is accounted
for by the peculiarly resinous charac-
ter of the wood and the sandiness of
the soil. Access to the mines is ob-
tained by gangways.

Referring to a paragraph in "Curious
Bits of News" last week Mr. T. W.
Brown writes "Saturday Night" as fol-
lows: "It was much amused on reading
in 'Saturday Night' an extract from
an article in 'Chambers' Magazine' on
the Phantom Ship of the Bay Chaleur.
Having lived for several years in that
vicinity, I naturally heard the legend
many times, but I must say that the
further one gets from the scene of the
optical illusion—or whatever the apparition
may be called—the more strongly
is the authenticity of the story vouch-
ered for. It is with extreme regret that
I say anything to throw discredit on the
reverend gentleman's testimony, or on
the hoary-headed legend which has
become almost an article of religion
among the settlers in that locality, but
truth compels the assertion that during
the eight years I resided there I was
unable to find even one witness who
would admit having seen the phenom-
enon, though assured many times that
some intimate friends or some ac-
quaintance had seen it. There is no
doubt some phosphorescent phenom-
enon which is sometimes seen when all
conditions are favorable (an easterly
gale being essential), but the particular
description given in 'Chambers' Maga-
zine' of the appearance of two ships,
the shapes of masts, spars and rigging
and the forms of people on deck, must
have emanated from the fertile imagina-
tion of some local hotelkeeper who
wished to test the credulity of his
guests. There are at least half a
dozen legends extant as to the origin of
the apparition, no one of them bearing
any resemblance to another."

A Sign.

What is a sign? Some yearning unex-
pressed, Unbidden rising from the troubled
breast. Some silent message from a heart o'er-
filled With sorrow, stifled at its start and
stilled— Too tired to swear, too brave to utter
cry. Man culminates his sufferings in a
sigh. —Pick-Me-Up.

Food Cure.

Nature's Way to Regain Health.

A man may try all sorts of drugs to
help him to get well, but after all the
"food cure" is the method intended by
Nature.

Anyone can prove the efficacy of the
food cure by making use of the follow-
ing breakfast each morning for fifteen
or twenty days:

A dish containing not more than four
heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts,
enough good, rich cream to go with
them, some raw or cooked fruit, not
more than two slices of entire wheat
bread, and not more than one cup of
Postum Food Coffee, to be sipped, not
drunk hurriedly. Let this suffice for
the breakfast.

Let one meal in the day consist of an
abundance of good meat, potato and
one other vegetable.

This method will quickly prove the
value of the selection of the right kind
of food to rebuild the body and replace
the lost tissue which is destroyed every
day and must be made up, or disease
of some sort enters in. This is an age
of specialists, and the above sugges-
tions are given by a specialist in food
values, dietetics and hygiene.

Those Equine Warm-weather Hats.



Uncle Hickorycreek—Whoa thar, Betsy! Dang it, whar ye gwine?
Betsy—There's a furniture van ahead with a mirror in the rear end. I
want to see if my hat's on straight.

His'ory Falsified on the Stage.

REFERRING to Irving's revival of
Charles I., the dramatic critic
of "Truth" says:

"The play itself is, of course,
full of imperfections in con-
struction, of violence done to history,
of turgid rhetoric (relieved, it must be
admitted, by some fine lines with a
savor of the Elizabethan masters), but
as a vehicle for the expression of
Sir Henry Irving's personality it will
retain a place in the repertory of the
stage so long as we have the great
actor among us. It is, I think, a pity
that we do not possess an historical
drama, based upon the certainties of
investigation on the irrefutable evi-
dence of documents, so much more elo-
quent than the forced situations which
mark such plays as Charles I. With
the greater spread of education and
the development of the critical intelli-
gence in the average playgoer, such
perversions of history and of psychol-
ogy as have so long passed muster as
historical drama should soon be ren-
dered impossible. Their place would
be taken by a drama based on the
best authorities; the dramatic interest
would necessarily flow from the facts
of history and be heightened for the
audience by its own knowledge of what
really followed and went before the
great crisis of the national life. I am
not one of those who believe that the
public is a mere baby which must be
amused with toys and the mixed cho-
colates of a dramatic imbroglia depen-
dent for its effect upon the arbitrary
perversion or transposition of fact.
Every such perversion is an insult to
the public intelligence, and where it
falls upon the fruitful ground of the
uncultured mind, simply breeds the
tares of ignorance, and becoming part
of the life of the individual who thus
takes a lie for the truth, produces a
permanent crop of error and of ill-
advised action, which has its real root
in the mind of the writer who failed
to turn a difficulty without telling a
lie. I should like to see the history of
the eighteenth and nineteenth centu-
ries treated by a true dramatist who
had taken a first-class in history at
one of the universities, and possessed
that probity of mind which rules so
absolutely the world of science, and
might well be introduced into the world
of art. As for illusion, there is plenty
of that in everything. I ask for an
attitude of mind."

Too Great a Risk.

"I'm going to give up the business,"
said a life insurance agent with a
sigh, whom the Detroit "Free Press"
encountered. "I don't care whether
they meant it for a joke or not, it's a
hard life, and people have no business
trying to be funny at my expense."

"I have always prided myself upon
my ability to land a man when once I
succeeded in getting his attention. But
I had a new experience the other day.
I was working hard to convince a party
that it was his duty to take out
some of our insurance upon his life for
the protection of his family, and I saw
that I had him wavering, when I had
to pause for breath, and he broke in
with:

"By the way, how much do you car-
ry on your life?"

"While I, taken unaware by the ab-
surdity of the question, was stammer-
ing a reply, he escaped. The incident
set me to thinking. I had induced hun-
dreds of men to insure their lives for
the benefit of their families, and yet I
had never thought far enough to carry
any insurance upon my own life. It
didn't look consistent, now that I had
come to consider the question, and I
resolved to remedy it at once. To think
is to act with me, and I sat down and
filled out an application at once for a
good round sum."

"I got the application back to-day
marked, 'Refused—occupation too dan-
gerous!' The next paper they get from
me will be my resignation!"

A Volatile Community.

"What kind of a town have you
here?" enquired a recently-arrived
tourist from New England.

"Lively!" enthusiastically replied the
landlord of the Atlantic and Pacific
Hotel, at Boomopolis, Oklahoma.
"Lively, stranger! There's a lynching
most every night, and hallel, shootin',
tar-and-featherin', and other ralka-
boos, about as often as you can turn
out to 'em; a couple was married in a
balloon last week. Two prominent
preachers shot each other considerably
at the Sabbath school picnic day before

yesterday, and thar was a cyclone less
than a month ago; new buildin's are
bein' erected right along, we've got an
enthusiastic county-seat fight on hand
all the time, thar's a show in the Opry
House once in a while, the O. K. bar-
ber shop put in a bathtub lately, the
post-office was burglarized a spell ago
—the front of the buildin' was flung
half-way across the street, the safe
blown wrong side out, and the children
have been busy ever since pickin' post-
age stamps off'n the gum weeds whar
the wind distributed 'em. You can get
any kind of a game you like at any
time or stir up any sort of trouble in
a minute, by just lettin' your wants be
known. They call this yere town the
Paris of Oklahoma, and don't you for-
git it!"—"Life."

Kissing and Non-kissing Families.

The New York "Sun" says that kiss-
ing among relatives goes by families,
and it is quite true that certain house-
holds are known to all their friends as
"great kissers." The members, men,
women and children, kiss each other
the first thing in the morning and the
last thing at night, and on any other
occasion that they consider sufficiently
emotional.

Still one may go too far the other
way. A woman who came of a kissing
family married a man who came of a
non-kissing stock. At one time her
husband went to the railway station
to meet a son who had been absent
from home for two years, and on his
return the wife said:

"What did you do when you first saw
Jack? Did you kiss him?"
"No," faltered the husband and
father, "of course I didn't kiss him."
"I'll tell you what he said to me,"
volunteered the son. "He said: 'Well,
Jack, was your train on time?'"

To the World's End.

He (describing his journeyings)—
Then, leaving Gibraltar, I made my
way to Australia, and from there I
went to the diamond mines in South
Africa, where I made my fortune. Then
—do you follow me, Miss Crynkley? She
(with a vivid blush)—To the world's
end, Mr. Rocksworthy.—Cape "Regis-
ter."

"I understand that Fraflman has
come to the conclusion to contest his
wife's will." "Well, what is there
courageous about that? She's dead,
isn't she?"—Richmond "Dispatch."

Two More Witnesses.

Mountain of Evidence Piled up in Favor
of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—Universal
Gratitude For This Most Successful
Stomach Remedy—Mrs. Arsenault Calls
Her Cure Miraculous.

It is surprising to note how many
people are commending Dodd's Dys-
pepsia Tablets nowadays. They are
winning new friends everywhere. The
work goes on continuously.

Throughout the length and breadth
of Canada are thousands of people,
who after every meal take a Dodd's
Dyspepsia Tablet. They are a large
proportion of the vast majority, the
greater part of the population that
suffer from weak stomachs and faulty
digestion.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the
greatest tonic for a weak ailing stom-
ach, ever compounded. They are com-
posed of the finest digestants found in
nature, persim among others. They do
the stomach's work, and let that tired-
out, overworked organ take a holiday.

That's all the stomach wants—a rest.
At once it will begin to save its
strength and grow strong again. Hun-
dreds of people have been cured of
heartburn and pain after eating, by
using only one box of Dodd's Dyspep-
sia Tablets.

Thousands of people have been per-
manently cured of chronic Dyspepsia
of long standing, by three or four
boxes, and that after every other
means had failed. Dodd's Dyspepsia
Tablets act on the only rational prin-
ciple in the treatment of Digestion
Troubles—rest for the stomach.

"I consider our cures miraculous,"
writes Mrs. Coletti Arsenault of Ruis-
seau le Blanc, Que. "My daughter
Marie and myself suffered miserably
with Dyspepsia. We employed all the
remedies possible, but they were all
useless. Having heard Dodd's Dyspep-
sia Tablets spoken of, we took four
boxes between the two of us, and I am
happy to say we are cured. I recom-
mend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets highly
to all sufferers from Stomach Trouble."

ONE OF THE MANY

advantages of using

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

is that its excellent quality never varies. Always the same.

Lead Packages

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents

Dooley on Country Life.

"I WANST spint a night in th'
country, Hinnessy. 'Twas
whin Hogan had his villa out
near th' river. 'Twas called a
villa to distinguish it fr'm a
house. If 'twas a little bigger,
'twud be big enough fr' th' hens, an'
if 'twas a little smaller, 'twud be small
enough fr' a dog. It looked as if 'twas
made with a scroll saw, but Hogan
mannyfactered it himself out iv a de-
sign in th' pa-aper. 'How to make a
country home on wan thousan' doll-
ars. Puzzle: find th' money.' Hogan
kidnapped me wan afternoon an' took
me out there in time to go to bed. He
hosted me up a ladder into me bed-
room adjoinin' th' roof. 'I hope,' says I,
'I'm not discommidin' th' pigeons,' I
says. 'There ain't anny pigeons here,'
says he. 'What's that?' says I. 'That's
a mosquito,' says he. 'I thought ye
didn't have anny here,' says I. 'Tis th'
first wan I've seen,' says he, whackin'
himself on th' back iv th' neck. 'I got
ye that time, assassin,' he says, hur-
lin' th' remains to th' ground. 'They
only come,' he says, 'after a heavy
rain or a heavy dhrisy spell,' he says, 'or
whin they're a little rain,' he says, 'fol-
lowed by some dhriness,' he says. 'Ye
musn't mind thim,' he says. 'A mos-
quito only lives fr' a day,' he says. 'Tis
a short life an' a merry wan,'
says I. 'So they die iv indignation?'
I says. 'So he fell down through th'
trap-door an' left me alone."

"Well, I said me prayers an' got into
bed an' lay there, thinkin' iv me past
life, an' wonderin' if th' house was on
fire. 'Twas warrum, Hinnessy. I'll not
deny it. Th' roof was near enough to
me that I cud smell th' shingles, an'
th' sun had been rollin' on it all day
long, an' though it had gone away, it'd
left a ray or two to keep th' place. But
I'm a survivor iv th' great fire, an' I
often go down to th' rollin'-mills, an'
besides, mind ye, I'm iv that turn iv
mind that whin 'tis hot I say 'tis hot,
an' I've it go at that. So I whispers to
meself, 'I'll dhrup off.' I says, 'into a
peaceful slumber,' I says, 'like th'
healthy plough-boy that I am,' says I.
An' I counted as far as I knew how,
an' conducted a flock iv sheep in a
steepchase, an' I'd just begun fr' to
wonder how th' las' thing I thought
iv came into me head, whin a dog
started to howl in th' yard. They was
a frind iv this dog in th' nex' house
that answered him, an' they had a long
chat. Some other dogs butted in th'
windows, begun fr' to discourse, I've
heard iv th' crickets on th' hearth,
Hinnessy, an' I used to think they were
all th' money, but anny time they get
on me hearth I buy me a pound iv in-
sect powder. I'd rather have a plan-
ola on th' hearth anny day, an' Gawd
save me fr'm that! An' so 'twas dogs
an' mosquitoes, an' crickets an' mos-
quitoes, an' a screech-owl an' mos-
quitoes, an' a whippoorwill an' mos-
quitoes, an' cocks beginnin' to crow at
two in th' mornin', an' mosquitoes,
so that whin th' sun bounced up
an' punched me in the eye at
four, I knew what th' truth is—that
th' country is th' noisiest place in th'
wurld. Mind ye, there's a roar in th'
city, but in th' country th' noises
beats on ye'er ear like carpet-tacks
bein' driven into th' ahum. Between
th' chirp iv a cricket an' th' chirp iv
th' hammer at th' mills, I'll take th'
hammer. I can go to sleep in a bol-
shop, but I spint th' rest iv that night
in Hogan's, settin' in th' bath-tub."

"I saw him in th' mornin' at break-
fast. We had canned peaches an' con-
densed milk. 'Ye have ye'er valise,'
says he. 'Aren't ye goin' to stay out?'
I am not,' says I. 'Whin th' first rat-
tler goes by ye'll see me on th' plat-
form fleelin' th' peace an' quiet iv th'
country, fr' th' turmoil an' heat,' I
says, 'an' food iv a gr-reat city.' I
says, 'Stay on th' farm,' says I. 'Com-
mune,' I says, 'with nature,' I says.
'Enjoy,' I says, 'th' simple, rustic life
iv th' merry farmer-boy that goes
whistlin' to his wurk befor' break-
fast,' says I. 'But I must go back,' I
says, 'to th' city,' I says, 'where there
is nawthin' to eat but what ye want,
an' nawthin' to drink but what ye
can buy,' I says. 'Where th' dust is
laid be th' sprinklin'-cart, where th'
leman comes reglar, an' th' roof gar-
den is in bloom, an' ye're waked not be
th' sun, but be th' milkman,' I says. 'I
want to be near a doctor whin I'm
sick, an' eat eatable food whin I'm
hungry, an' where I can put me hand
out early in th' mornin' an' hook in a
newspaper,' says I. 'Th' city,' says I.
'Is th' only summer resort fr' a man
that has liver lived in th' city,' I says,
an' so I come in."

A Fortunate Delay.

In "Life and Sport on the Pacific
Coast," Mr. Horace A. Vachell relates
one of his narrow escapes from a
friend's bullet.

"My cousin and I had been camping
and hunting for several days in a sort
of Paradise valley. One day, during
a long ride on horseback, we had seen
a great many rattlesnakes, and killed a
few—an exceptional experience. That
night my cousin woke up and saw, by
the light of the moon, a big rattler
crawling across my chest. His lay for
a moment fascinated, horror-struck,
watching the sinuous curves of the rep-
tile. Then he quietly reached for his
six-shooter. But he could not see the
reptile's head, and he moved nearer,
noiselessly yet quickly, dreading some

movement on my part that should pre-
cipitate the very thing he dreaded.
And then he saw that it was not a
snake at all—only the black and yellow
stripe of my blanket that gently rose
and fell as I breathed. Had he fired—
well, it might have been bad for me,
for he confessed that his hand shook."

Just a Glimpse.

Papa—By the way, who is the lady
that bowed to us as we left the car-
riage?
Dorothy—The one with the black silk
skirt, and rose petticoat, plaid blouse,
purple colarete with silver clasp, tan
coat, black hat with purple tips, car-
rying a silver-mounted card-case?
Papa—Yes.
Dorothy—Don't know. I merely just
caught a glimpse of her.—Cape "Re-
gister."

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your complexion clear and protect it
from sunburn.
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"Le Beaute,"
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are unequalled.

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it. It costs you no more
—but sometimes you may
have to insist.

It pays you to get your
money's worth.





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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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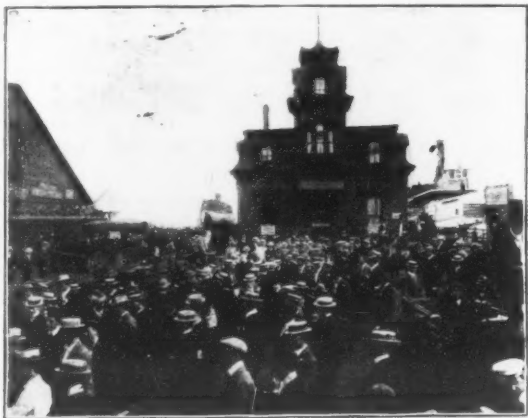


OUTDOOR PASTIMES

It was
"Hurrah for Mary.
Hurrah for the lamb,
Hurrah for the little girl that didn't give a sis-boom-bah,
sis-boom-bah,
Argonauts, Argonauts, rah! rah! rah!"
or "words to that effect" that greeted the returning oarsmen when they neared the dock at the foot of Yonge street last Monday. The cheers were not only for the Argos, however, but for Lou Scholes, Len Marsh, and the Winnipeggers as well.

Yankee oarsmen and their style of rowing must have received quite a shock at Philadelphia when the Canadian contingent carried off the lion's share of the prizes. The Philadelphia papers are working overtime trying to find some excuse for the defeat of the Vesper eight—ex-world's champions—and have raised the old bluff about poor condition, etc., etc., but the truth of the matter is that the Vespers over-estimated themselves, and it must have been a bitter pill for them to swallow to be not only easily beaten by the Argos, but rowed to a standstill by the Winnipeg intermediate crew. How are the mighty fallen!

Talking about the Winnipeg crew, it seems as if these Westerners could overcome any difficulty to give their athletes a chance to compete in a contest. No distance seems too great for them to travel, whether it be to Henley and Philadelphia to row, or Montreal to play hockey, and when Winnipeg sends out athletes they are to be feared, no matter what company they are in, as the Vespers now realize. The name of Scholes should be pretty well known by this time on the other side of the line, and if Lou Scholes keeps



The crowd which greeted the Canadian oarsmen at the Yonge street wharf last Monday.

Photo by Galbraith.

on improving as he has it will be seen among the list of senior amateur champions as well as intermediate. They have a peculiar mode of running things over in the United States, and this applies to athletics as well as elections and other things. Johnstone and Titus outrowed Juvenal of the Vespers by several lengths in the preliminary heat of the association singles, Johnstone coming in first. Titus failed to turn his stake, however, and was disqualified. In the finals Mr. Titus dropped up and was allowed to compete without, as is claimed, getting the consent of either Marsh or Johnstone, the winners of the first heats.

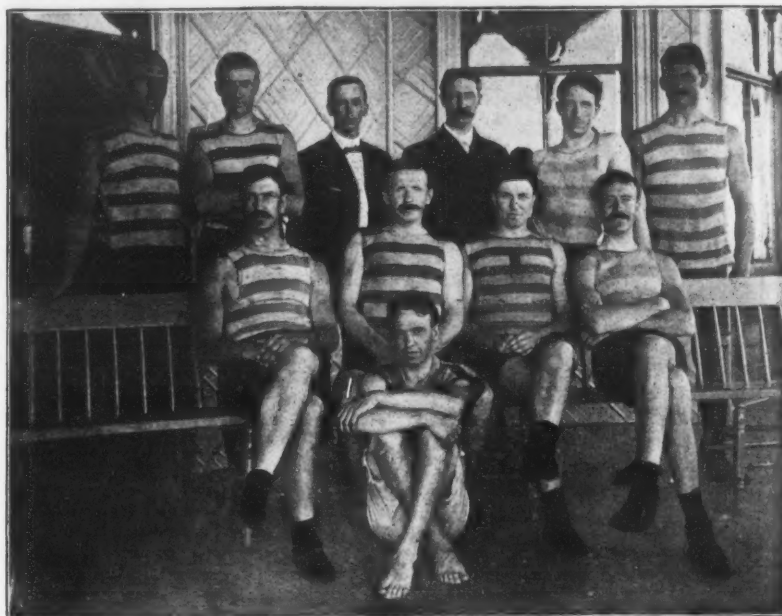
The Argonauts are looking for new worlds to conquer now, and naturally turn toward Henley, and if the crew will go there will be no difficulty about the financial end of the trip, for, as already reported, one of Toronto's citizens has come forward and offered to foot the bill if they care to compete for the Grand Challenge Cup. Leander will have to row if the cup is to stay at home, for the present Argonaut eight is much stronger than the last one that went to Henley, and all praise is due Captain Barker for his efforts in getting the crew together and coaching them up to their present form.

Last year's defender, "Red Coat," will not defend the Scavanhaka Cup, as was at first thought. It has been decided that the new boat "Sennerville" will have the honor this year. The "Red Coat" is slightly the faster in light winds, but the new boat is much stiffer in a blow, and Mr. Duggan is inclined to favor the boat which is best in a good breeze, for, as he says, "it is easier to shake out a reef during a race than to take one in."

Local yachtsmen were very much disappointed that the promised race between the "Genesee" and "Invader" did not take place last Saturday. The "Invader" is going to have a fast boat against her when she goes over to Chicago, and will have to sail "all she knows" to land the cup. From the present outlook the Detroit boats seem to be the best, and in all probability the "Cadillac" will be the boat chosen to defend the Canada Cup. The "Milwaukee" is a "freak," and should she prove too fast for the rest, will probably be debarré by the committee.

The lawn bowling tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake is beginning to attract attention already, although not taking

THE ARGONAUT EIGHT.



Kent, Mackenzie (J.H.) Capt. Barker, O'Leary, Duggan, Wright, Goldman, Mason, Parmenter, Mackenzie (D.R.)
Bastard (cox)

This is the eight which defeated the famous Vesper crew (champions of the world) at Philadelphia last Saturday, and which next year will probably compete at Henley for the Grand Challenge Cup.

place until August 20. The prizes that are being offered are very valuable, and show good judgment on the part of those who chose them. It is a good chance for an outing for anyone who is inclined to take a bowl.

Regarding the visit of the Yankee tennis players, Ward and Davis, among other comments on the same subject London "Truth" says: "To sum up the lesson to be learnt from the Americans, though their twist service is extremely difficult to return at first, it, nevertheless, loses much of its difficulties after one has had some opportunity of studying its peculiarities. To emphasize this point, one only has to recollect the way in which the younger Doherty returned it towards the end of their match. It is, however, ex-



Mr. Lou Scholes,
The Don's Champion Intermediate Sculler.

tremely doubtful whether English players will use the twist service themselves, as to use it effectively requires a lot of practice. This is expert opinion, and all I can say is that if English players have not patience to master it the Americans will smash us before long. Nothing could have been more sportsmanlike than the way in which the Americans took their defeat, and one of the features of the meeting was the dinner given by the All England Club to their American guests.

It looks at present as if the Torontos were out of the running in the "big" league. From the outlook now, the fight will probably be between the Shamrocks and Cornwall. The Caps are by no means out of it, but have some pretty tough games to win, and will be somewhat handicapped by the loss of Eddie Murphy, who will be a hard man for the Ottawa team to replace. It was a "sore touch" for the local team to lose to Cornwall up at Rosedale. It is all right to lose in the Factory Town. Very few teams have the nerve to go down there and win, for if they do happen to be victors they come home on the instalment plan—a very small piece at a time.

Talking about lacrosse history, wasn't there at one time a team called the Tecumsehs—or was there? I imagine that if anyone took the trouble to go up to a town called Paris they would find in the green sward a tablet with an inscription which would start: "Sacred to the memory of the Tecumseh lacrosse team." THE REFEREE.

Smoking-car Stories.

A CANADIAN preacher who in his later days was bitterly opposed to smoking, though previously addicted to the almost constant use of the weed, used to say that he was cured of his vice in this wise: He dreamed that he saw the angel Gabriel descending from the clouds, in his mouth a short clay pipe at which he puffed vigorously. It seemed so incongruous for an angel to pollute his mouth with smoke that the minister was impressed with the undignified aspect, not to say uncleanness, of the habit, and gave it up. A fellow who heard this story repeated said: "Supposing he had seen Gabriel munching a piece of pie. It would be undignified for an archangel to eat pie. Would the minister have given up that delicacy also?"

ONCE upon a time they had a hair-raising experience with a supposed ghost on a steamer coming down the upper lakes. At Sault Ste. Marie a dead man was taken on board, to be forwarded to his friends down east. Fresh water sailors are not so superstitious as "salts," yet they hate handling "stiffs," and think a corpse likely to bring bad luck to the bottom it sails in. The first night out from the Sault, as the vessel traversed Lake Huron in the inky blackness, with a freshening gale blowing out of the north-west, the officer of the watch heard about midnight a strange, weird burst of music seemingly from the surrounding vacancy. Suddenly it died away only to burst forth again. The officer and the man at the wheel felt creepy, but braved it out for a time. Then other members of the crew heard the sounds and came to the upper deck. The captain was sent for, but was as nonplussed as the others. The strange sounds could not be located or accounted for, until they had continued for half an hour and the sailors were commencing to give it up as a bad case of "spooks," or old-fashioned sirens. At length the steward found that a passenger had placed a small Aeolian harp in his state-room window, and the rising wind was sweeping its chords with ever-increasing frequency and force.

IN a northern county of Ontario there are two adjoining townships, one of which is a luxuriant garden and the other a sterile stoneheap. In the former, every man who exercises ordinary intelligence and industry is well-to-do. In the latter, back-breaking, unremitting toil alone

suffices to rear a scanty crop from the unkindly soil; the generation of pioneers have given place to their descendants, who still struggle along—those of them that have not given up the fight and moved away—in the effort to clear, and clean up and make habitable the wretched acres they have inherited. The fertile township is peopled very largely by Scotchmen and the descendants of Scotchmen. Amongst their less fortunate neighbors one hears the echoes of the Green Isle's brogue. How comes it that Scotch and Irish are hived in two separate communities, one so prosperous, the other poor? An old resident in those parts explained it. The Government lands agent, sixty years ago, when the county in question was being opened up, was a Scotchman. He knew the merits of the soil in different portions of his territory better than the strangers who were coming in. With determined clannishness he steered his compatriots to the best land, and in a curious spirit of prejudice condemned Ireland's ill-starred sons to the worst block of land in the county. "Now," said the man who told me this story, "I would merely observe that if the sons of the Thistle had been given the bad land they would probably own the good land by now, anyway. So perhaps the agent did not practice injustice, after all."

AS an example of the wiles to which politicians will resort to win an election, I think the following story takes the medal. In 1878 a very brilliant Conservative, who is now retired from public life, contested a riding in which there was a considerable sprinkling of Irish Roman Catholics. His opponent was the old member—a Liberal. The Conservative was a stranger in the county and knew he had to put up a stiff unscrupulous fight. One of his little games was to carry around with him a photograph of a beautiful nun. When calling on the right kind of family in the course of his house-to-house canvass, his assistant would, if possible, bring his persuasive eloquence to bear on the farmer, while the candidate devoted himself to the farmer's wife. As if by accident he would then pull out the nun's picture and display it. Then he would explain that the original was his sister. "But you are not a Catholic, are you, Mr. So-and-So?" was the usual astonished inquiry following this little ruse. "Ah, no," the candidate would say, with a sigh, "but my mother was, and she, God bless her soul! was the best woman in the whole world. However, I was brought up by my father, and so, unfortunately, I am a Protestant. But my mother was a good Catholic, and this is my sister." This yarn, made, of course, out of whole cloth, was not without its influence in turning votes. Yet, it is interesting to know, the man who used it was defeated by a small but sufficient majority. Nowadays it would be much more difficult to resort to such a species of campaigning with any prospect of success. LANCE.

Queer Fish Yarn.

A FISH of curious habits exists in New Zealand, and is called by the Maories the kakawai. It is generally discovered when a man is digging out rabbits or making post-holes in the summer time, and it lies at a depth of a foot or two under the soil. The character of the soil, whether sandy or loamy, does not seem to matter. The fish is from two to three inches long, silvery, shaped like a minnow, but rather more slender and tapering. It appears to be dead when exhumed, and if dug up in the summer and put into water it dies at once. If, however, it is brought to daylight in May or early June (the end of autumn), when the rains are beginning to make the soil thoroughly wet, and put into a tub of water, a curious thing happens. After a day or two it casts its skin, which sinks to the bottom, and the fish plays about bright and lively. When dug up in summer there appears to be a growth of skin, or perhaps of a dry gummy exudation, which seals up the head and gills. Apparently this enables it to avertiate through the dry weather, and seals the fish as an Indian fakir is sealed up before he goes in for a long fasting burial. Of course in winter there must be marshy spots or pools in which the fish can swim and propagate, but often all evidence of such natation disappears in summer, and the hot, dry, waterless plains seem the last place on earth in which to find a fish.—New Zealand correspondence London "Spectator."

A Warm Hour.

"BOTHER take the rain," said Jack Stevens, as, clad in a suit of spotless underwear he glanced from his bedroom window in a Mutual street boarding-house one hot July morning. He had twenty minutes in which to complete his toilet, snatch breakfast, and board the early train at Union Station.

Jack was a rusher, however, and in less than ten minutes drew on his mackintosh, descended to the dining-room to drain a cup of coffee, and then, utterly regardless of the pouring rain, hurried down Gerrard street to catch a Church street car.

His only thought was to be in time for the train, and into a seat in the smoking-car he tumbled just as the whistle sounded for starting.

With a long-drawn sigh of relief he began to remove his mackintosh, only to quickly fasten it again, with something closely resembling a groan.

"Disagreeable morning, Stevens," said his friend Tom Lawrence from the next seat. "Why on earth do you not take off that soaking coat? Surely you are not cold?"

Cold? The perspiration stood out on Jack's forehead in drops half an inch in length; small streams were trickling down his neck, but he steadfastly refused to remove the coat.

Seeing that he was attracting general attention from the passengers he left the car and settled himself in the back seat of the next coach. Here he sat quietly for about five minutes, when a young lady in the seat in front of him

began to move about uneasily, and to his horror Jack became aware that nice little rivers were running along the car floor and an innocent pond forming around the lady's feet.

Just then the conductor came along, and while punching Jack's ticket said, "Better take off that coat and it will dry in a few minutes in the baggage car," but Jack muttered something about it not being worth while, as he was getting off at Markham. "Why, this ticket is for Blackwater," said the conductor in surprise, and Jack answered quickly, "Yes, I know, but I forgot about some business I had in Markham."

As he left the train he almost ran against Tom Lawrence, who greeted him warmly. "Get off your mackintosh and come and have a smoke," said Tom, as they entered their hotel together, but Jack only ordered a bedroom, and telling the porter to go on with his grip, started up stairs. Tom gazed after him for one moment and then started in pursuit.

"See here, old fellow," he said, as he entered the bedroom at Jack's heels, "you must tell me what is wrong. You look as if you were taking the smallpox, and I am sure your temperature is 110."

"Lock the door, Lawrence," gasped Jack, "and let me get off this infernal coat," and the key no sooner sounded in the lock than a mass of wet rubber was thrown across the room, and Jack stood revealed in an immaculate suit of silken underwear.

"I overslept myself," he said to the bewildered Tom, "and the room was so warm that I must have forgotten my pants and coat in my rush."

"What do you suppose the conductor would have said if you had removed your mackintosh?" asked Tom when Jack had ended his explanation, but Jack had no theory to advance. SARDONYX.

Advertising of the Future.

I HEAR (not on authority, therefore possibly correctly) that the white cliffs of Albion are no longer to be left out in the cold as "spaces to let." Possibly before these lines find their way into print that landmark of English eyes and hearts will be transformed into a belt of advertisements which, I understand, will at night be writ in fire.

In the next war which the arrogance of other nations forces upon us, we can imagine, as our hospital ships near our shores, how the sorely wounded soldier will say to the comrade who supports him:

"I'm goin' fast, Bill. Is 'Lemco' in sight yet?"

"No, old chap, it ain't."

"Have we passed 'Labby's Lip Salve'?"

"Not yet."

While on the bridge the burly captain peers into the night and says, "Dash my starry top-sails if we aren't out of our course!"

"No, sir," says the attendant bo'sun; "that's 'Keating's Cough Lozenges' a-showin' up on our lee now."

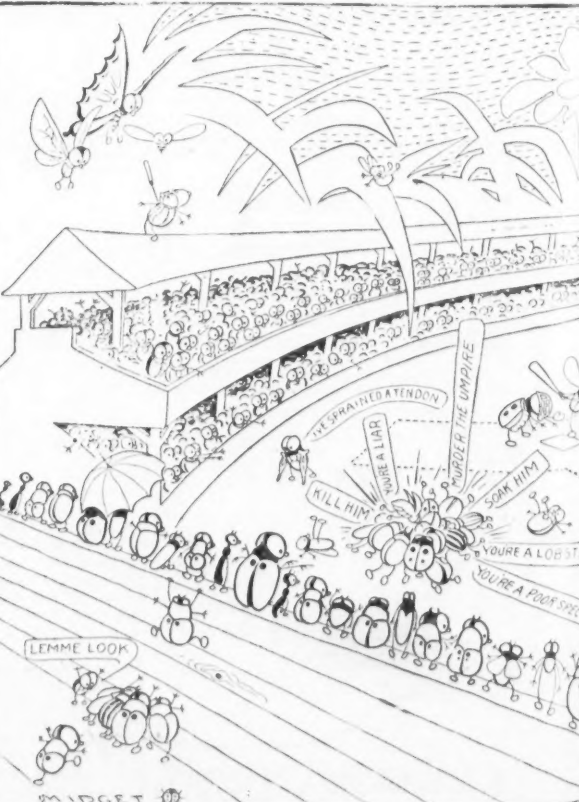
Ah! happy island, where the shout of the advertiser already re-echoes in our drawing-rooms, and will shortly greet the homing Briton from afar across the waves.—Mary Cholmondeley in the "Monthly Review."

Mexican Exclusiveness.

COMMENTING on the seclusion of the aristocracy in Mexico, a writer in the New York "Sun" says: "There are few homes so cut off from curious eyes as those of the rich in this land. The massive residences of high-caste Mexicans stand flush with the thoroughfares. They seem to frown upon all the world. Very rarely may one get a glimpse of a home interior through the iron-barred and wooden-shuttered windows. Occasionally one may get a passing view of a beautiful patio, with tropical flower-gardens, swinging hammocks, and a family group in the shade of the veranda or flowering vine, when a lumbering gate stands ajar. But that is all the tourist in Mexico sees of high life here until he has letters of introduction. The richer and older the Mexican family, the more exclusive it is. Many of high-caste Mexican women are never seen in public except with their families, and then it is at the cathedral, the opera, or on an occasional drive behind caparisoned horses in the afternoon. When a rich Mexican woman goes shopping it is by previous arrangement with the importer of dry goods. The senora drives with her daughters to the stores, where she is received by the merchant with all the ceremony of welcoming a potentate. They are led to a beautifully appointed room, away from all the other customers, and for hours the merchant and his clerks bring and display the latest importations of women's wear. A rich senora who would go to market and participate in the purchase of food would be the most talked about woman in the community for a week."

Sir Walter Besant on Sermons.

Sir Walter Besant was, as we know, the successful commercial novelist of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and by means of the Authors' Society he tried to put literature on a business-like basis. A young writer once applied to him, and he retorted with a kindly letter from which may be extracted these sentences: "In describing an incident or elaborating a situation always incline definitely either to the humorous or the sentimental side. Your chief characters need not much matter so long as they are healthy and attractive, for the success of a novel comes from the quaint types introduced to work out the story. The novel with a purpose to do good may become a powerful agent and it is foolish to despise it. As for books which do harm, that depends on the moral standpoint of the reader. Some of the best sermons ever preached were by Rabelais, some of the worst by famous divines."



A BUG LEAGUE BATTLE BASEBALL PENN.

An Unenthusiastic Tourist.

BEING THE IMPRESSIONS OF DON AND HIS PARTNER, RHEU, ON A TRIP TO EGYPT, PALESTINE AND ITALY.

P

VIII.—The Pyramids.
PYRAMID-BUILDING appears to have been a species of royal Egyptian vanity, much the same in its origin as the more modern idea of founding universities, libraries, and the building of expensive monuments. Perhaps if the student of Egyptology were to visit a modern cemetery he would more thoroughly understand the reason why hundreds of thousands of men were employed during lifetimes of considerable length in erecting those vast structures on the sands of Egypt. Both men and women like to think they will not be forgotten, and extraordinary efforts are made nowadays, as of old, by the possessors of money and power, to flatter the hope that their shroud will in some way so flutter in the breeze as to attract the passerby, who, as a matter of fact, in nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of ten thousand does not care a cent who the dead person was or is, so long as he cannot make money out of him or her. Only those who do something to excite the reciprocal affection which self-interest keeps alive can hope to be remembered with anything like affection. The pyramids are good for nothing except to attract sightseers, and they mark on the barren and sandy plain what may be called the great cemetery of Egypt. This pyramid district extends in a series of groups over about three parts of a degree of latitude—probably the largest cemetery on earth. The Great Pyramid of Gizeh is about 800 feet in length and breadth, and was originally some 480 feet high, though since the covering has been taken from it it is not much more than 450 feet in altitude. It covers some thirteen acres of ground, and someone addicted to figures has calculated its building material at 85,000,000 cubic feet.

This Great Pyramid is surrounded by many others, at least one of which rivals it in size, and all are constructed on the same plan. It is without windows, and has its only entrance from the north. From this entrance, if one takes the pains to carry a calcium light, one finds a long tunnel, then a tomb, and, if the pyramid has not been robbed, a mummy. The entrance is low, and the progress to the tomb, which is found low down, is painful and slow. It is interesting to watch women sightseers, who are the most difficult to discourage of any class of tourists, live into these burrows that they may say to their friends when they go home that they explored the interior of the Great Pyramid, or all the pyramids, for some of them are not content with one, but break their backs in the entire bunch. There is nothing to see but the passage-way, but there is much to be smelt and a great deal of heat to be endured.

The same class of tourists insist upon climbing to the top, and if you can imagine going up to the top of the highest building you were ever in and doing that about four times over, not on a modern stairway, but up steps which are about four feet high, a fairly good idea can be obtained of ascending a pyramid of the greater variety.

The Arabs in the neighborhood of the pyramids have a monopoly of the guide business. These people, called the Pyramid Bedouin, are entirely controlled by a Sheikh who is responsible for their good behavior, and who takes pains to collect the tariff of two shillings for each man who helps pull up the enthusiastic tourist. This pulling up process is by no means agreeable. While the Bedouin is able to go up with a swiftness and certainty of foot which is surprising, the tourist, unable to take the long steps, has to be yanked up like a bag of flour, and while standing on each narrow platform finds it difficult to maintain his or her balance of head, but feels sure that the strong wind which blows over the unbroken surface of the desert will wait the explorer into the Unknown, where the builder of the pyramids is no doubt reclining under date palms or in lotus groves. Some of these Bedouins are very cheeky and have the bad habit of insisting on bakshesh when near the top. I did not venture on the climb, as Rhen insisted that it would not be good for my health; nor did I go into the burrow which leads to the excavation which invariably forms a dismal basement to a still more dismal pile. Some of my travelling companions got about half way up and then came back, with the admission that they had not thought it possible that there was so much wind aloft.

I am doubtful if one gets a good idea of the size of these enormous structures by ascending them. It is much better to sit at the base and try to count the steps and gaze towards the top. In this latter way the monumental hugeness of the whole thing soaks into one's system, for the things which look so vast when approaching them seem as small and commonplace when one is a hundred yards away, as an ordinary tenement house. Sitting at the base and measuring with the eye stones the uplifting of which nobody has been able to explain, the contiguity of the inexplicable monuments makes one feel frightfully small.

It is said that the largest pyramid is built of stones from the quarries of Arabia, that over 350,000 men were employed for twenty years in its construction, and probably the best guess which has been made at the method of construction is that the inequalities formed by the stair-like structure were filled with nitre, salt and sand, up which the blocks were dragged. But no matter how the things were built, their uselessness and the fact that no one takes pains to find or remember the person whose tyranny or arrogance they represent, or to what dynasty he belonged, illustrate the utter futility and foolishness of trying to live

THE WINNIPEG EIGHT.



Wallen. Brown. Sprague. McMillan. Riley. Manning.
(Manitoba Free Press.) Richards. Ewart. Logan, (cox.) Hamber. Jory.

These Westerners not only succeeded in winning the intermediate eights, but beat the Vespers in the senior class and this time next the Argonauts.

centuries after one is dead. Had the same number of men toiled to build houses for the poor or to construct the works which Great Britain in a few years has been able to erect in Egypt, the country of the pyramids would not have been for so many centuries the land of oppressed peasants, thieving officials, tyrannical magistrates and lecherous keepers of harems.

Anxious for a novel experience, I was induced to bestride a recumbent dromedary in order to take a ride through the neighborhood of the Sphinx. Before Rhen and I joined company I had experience with some three or four hundred bronchos which I managed to educate into reasonable compliance with the human will. I must confess, however, that I never felt a sensation so much like that of falling off a horse as when the dromedary began to get up. First one end heaves up, and the rider clutches wildly for something to hold on to; then the other end begins to heave, and the middle of the beast sways from side to side. Even when the animal is walking the motion is a back-breaking affair. My guide, who had been continuously beseeching me to give him two shillings and he would go up to the top of the Great Pyramid and back again inside of twelve minutes, assured me that there was no danger of falling off. Then this cross between a son of the desert and a sea-cook made the dromedary trot. There was no mane, nor ears, nor tail, nor anything that I could get hold of. All I could do was to "holer," hang on to the saddle, and calculate the distance I was likely to fall. The guide laughed sardonically and trotted beside the beast, which groaned as if in sympathy for my distress. Backwards and forwards my body swayed, with the south end of my backbone as a pivot. I lost the stirrups, but as I had preserved my walking-stick I managed to give the guide a crack over the shoulders which brought him to a realizing sense that I was unprepared to be made the victim of a practical joke.

The Sphinx is a great scheme. Some curious hunter perhaps has knocked its nose off, but at a considerably lower level than the pyramids it gazes out over the great sand plain as if early in life it had been frozen stiff by the loss of someone it loved. The air of mystification, surprise and general dejection worn by the Sphinx is something that would be of immense value to the woman who has to meet her husband in the hall when he brings a jag back from the club. One cannot help wondering what those stony and sightless eyes have witnessed while gazing out over that pyramid-built and sand-swept plain. No doubt the great funeral corteges and the strange rites with which the Egyptians who fill the seventy pyramids which dot the desert as far as the eye of the Sphinx can reach, were put away, were enough to have fixed on the granite face the look which no spectator can ever forget. Down below and to the right of the Sphinx is the temple, which was no doubt erected in connection with this monument to someone who is dead. It is supposed to be the tomb of Amasis, of the XXVI. Dynasty. The sand in front of the huge piece of statuary has been removed, and thus the temple between the paws made visible. There is a sloping path nearly 150 feet long reaching to the temple, and the tombs of a number of ancient personages are to be found; also an altar and a deep well which still holds water with green cream on it. The favorite ornament seems to be lions, and altogether the temple is a very interesting place.

The Sphinx itself is a hard thing to describe, for it is unlike anything to which the people of this Western World are accustomed. If you imagine a huge cat with ear-laps, a woman's face, and paws fifty feet long, you get some idea of the size and fashion of this unforgettable thing.

One might write endlessly of the pyramids and their surroundings, but in the limited space to which these articles must be confined, only suggestions can be made. However, even an article which is no more than a suggestion would be incomplete without reference to the enormous expense, wonderful enthusiasm and great labor of the explorers who have removed the sand and debris from the neighborhood of some of these great monuments. Campbell's Tomb, named after a British official resident in Egypt, is a good illustration of the work which has been required to make some of these ancient works visible. It is a good example of an ancient tomb, located between the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx, and its exploration must have cost a mint of money. Indeed, all the sandhills which surround the Great Pyramid are supposed to be full of sarcophagi, and probably as Egypt develops in the hands of the British, still more astonishing things will be brought to light. As it is at present, there is certainly sufficient at Gizeh to interest the traveller and make his trip to Egypt satisfactory, supposing nothing more were to be seen.

DON.

(To be continued.)

Andrew Lang's Plaint.

IN a recent issue of "Longman's Magazine," Andrew Lang thus complains of this hurrying age:

"Our condition of gregariousness and futile hurry is the real bane of literature, which needs leisure both in the producer and the consumer. Moreover, the increase in the number of readers has begotten a class of printed trash adapted to the needs of those who can read, but have no converse with great ideas or distinguished expression; no knowledge at all of anything but the present. The trash being handy and omnipresent, we all read it. The educated are like the Japanese, suddenly brought acquainted with modernism. Their old leisurely art, their old aesthetic instincts die in presence of Brummagem. I feel sure that a few cargoes of Paris ornaments would have swamped the art of Greece. It is human nature. The Florentines want, it is said, to pull down the Ponte Vecchio, and have a broad new bridge, with a tramway. In the same way one buys Dante's 'Inferno' in the Temple edition. There is a prose version in English, the type is good, the book lighter in the hand than a cheap magazine. Nothing could be better. But does one read Dante in a train? Alas! I fear one reads a silly sensational story, and where is culture? One might

CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.

O

NE of my visitors who never tires me is the doctor. I wish he did not take my helplessness so much to heart. I have seen him brush his hand across his eyes, and I have heard him say naughty and surprising words to himself when he has tried all sorts of experiments upon those tiresome, useless limbs of mine, and all in vain. He always stoutly maintains that before he dies he will see me running about as well as ever. Poor old dear doctor, the first person in the world to hold me in his hands and to tell my own brave mum I looked like her. The audacity of it!

And to-day he did give me a surprise by bringing Miss Angel to see me. Miss Angel is the elder American girl, who has sung the most exquisite solos each Sunday evening during the offertory. Her voice is like a flute with a soul in it. She can go up so high and come trilling down in such a marvellous way that the whole parish is at her feet. And she is so serious, too; quite different from any idea I had ever formed of an American heiress. The doctor brought her to my chair as if she were a rose or a new novel. "Here, my dear, is Miss Angel. I thought you'd like to see her!" And Miss Angel took my hand and flashed her big eyes at me, and said: "He knew I wanted to see you, he means."

I do not make girl friends easily. I have not made a friend of Miss Angel, but I am intensely interested in her. She talks like a man, about big things. She believes the North Pole will soon be reached, and that an American will reach it. "We have the faculty of getting there," she said, half jokingly. She wanted to live in England, because only by living among a people can you do them justice. She said I suggested a poem of peace to her, and then she recited the poem. I was afraid to ask her who wrote it. It just seemed as if it came to her, and had to be spoken. Her eyes are wonderful—big, brown, full and so serious. She quiets me and rests me strangely. I think if I had to choose one word to describe her I should call her noble. She must be like the Statue of Liberty which holds the light to guide the ships into the harbor of New York. David told me once about that statue. He was wonderfully taken with it.

Miss Angel smiled when I told her how I enjoyed her singing. "But it is my little sister who sings!" she said. "May she not come and see you?" So there was a message to the coachman, and I heard the horses' hoofs on the drive, and away they flew to fetch the Miss Angel who sang. She is like an anemone, so slight and fragile, and her little face is so fair, and her hair curls and is yellow—not golden, like Mrs. Carey's—but yellow and fluffy, and her tiny hands are not much larger than little Ernst's! She is tall, too, quite a dream of a maiden, and her voice—like a flute with a soul in it! Never were two sisters so utterly different. They stayed the whole morning beside my chair, and the singing Miss Angel sang a delicious little high lullaby for me, and she sent a footman for her banjo and sang strange songs—coon songs, she called them—for me, some of which were delightful. I was not in the least tired, though the elder Miss Angel apologized when she found out how late it was, and that I had not had my luncheon. And she left me a little book to read, about the power of mind over matter. It seems an American thought entirely, and rather advanced, but I am not sure it doesn't appeal to me a good deal.

Father has been laughing at me. "You're following the parish," he said. "They are madly infatuated with these Angelic young ladies!" "It was very good of them to come," said mum, valiantly, "and they left ten pounds for the repair fund." "Ah, come now, let us hope Angels' visits may not be few and far between." "They're coming to-morrow," said I.

Miss Leelan ran in for a moment to bring me my library parcel. We have a library club of which she is president. As she was going out she said, "Did you know Lord Stourton is giving a dinner party for the Angels?" I did not; but I only said, "Isn't he good?" and to that Miss Leelan made no answer. "I am told each of the Angel young women has five millions of dollars." And I responded, "What a sum, to be sure!" Miss Leelan stopped on the doorstep. "Helen," she said, sharply, "I believe you're trying to snub me." "Well," said I, "would you care a mite if I were?" Miss Leelan and I sometimes rub one another the wrong way. She is very fond of David, mum says. She came back. "Forgive me, my dear," she said, "but I hope those Americans won't fascinate David. He certainly is running after a bit." Then I was catty, I admit. "Lord Stourton can look after himself, Miss Leelan," I said, laughing. "Can't you, David?" for at that moment he came in behind her. If a gentleman could look angry at a maiden lady, he did, just for one second, when he saw her to the gate most politely.

It seemed to me that when he kissed me he was not quite at ease. "Has she told you that I am having some people to meet the Angels at dinner next week?" he asked. "I've seen them both, David," I began inconsequently. "Aren't they ripping fine girls?" said David. "I've only one regret, Helen; that you can't be there." And he smoothed my hair in his kind, gentle way. He did not talk much, just a few things about the dinner and who were to be there, and then I felt a bit tired, and David saw it and went away. And I rang for nurse and complained of my pillows, and nurse took my temperature and my pulse and said I was feverish, and I gave her a fright by weeping and wailing and complaining, and saying I wished I were dead. I am awfully ashamed and repentant, and have told nurse so. Whereat she began to weep idiotically and said I was perfectly right.

(To be continued.)

One Thousand Years of Female Folly.

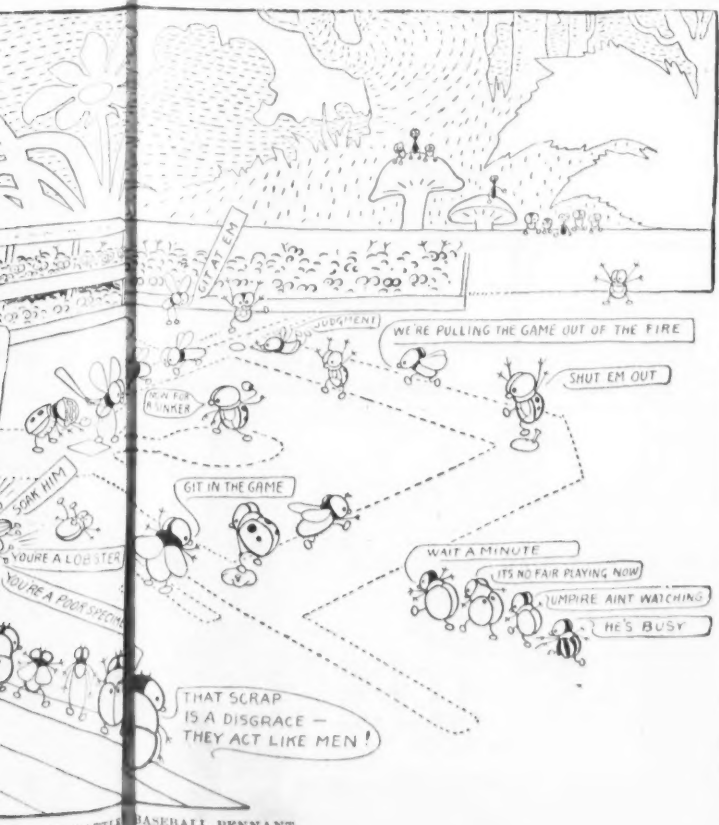
M. Felix, one of the world's greatest dressmakers, closed his doors in Paris last week a bankrupt. The cause was the failure of the Palais de Costumes at the recent exhibition. Felix invested all of his money in this palace and its dresses, which show one thousand years of female folly. Its remnants have been bought up by a big clothing establishment called "Les Trois Quartiers." Felix was the dressmaker for almost all the famous actresses in Europe and of all the rich smart set, as contradistinguished from the aristocracy. Among those who had been in the habit of dressing were Mrs. Langtry, Ada Rehan, Bernhardt, Rejane, Calve, Anna Robinson, Sibyl Sanderson and Liane de Pougy.

His Extensive Programme.

"My idea," said the ambitious young author, "is to write an historical novel." "Yes?" "And, of course, a magazine article showing how I came to write the historical novel." "Yes?" "Then to dramatize the historical novel." "Yes?" "Then to write a magazine article showing how I came to dramatize the historical novel." "Yes?" "Then to dramatize the magazine article." "Ah!" "And to write a magazine article showing how I came to dramatize the other magazine article." "Good!" "Then to dramatize the second magazine article." "Excellent! Excellent!" "And then to write—" "Oh! I understand the scheme! Fine programme—if the public will stand for it!" "Puck."



"Going to hear Professor Bone's lecture on 'The Cycles of Time!'"
"No; he can give me no information on that subject."
"How did you gain your knowledge?"
"Bought my wheel on the instalment plan."



TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues. June 25, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues. July 9, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues. July 23, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues. Aug. 13, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tues. Aug. 20, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues. Aug. 27, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR

New York, Bremen.
 Hohenzollern, Sat. June 22, 11 a.m.
 Werra, Sat. June 23, 3 p.m.
 Aller, Sat. July 6, 11 a.m.
 Trave, Sat. July 20, 11 a.m.
 Hohenzollern, Sat. Aug. 30, 10 a.m.

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73 Yonge Street, Toronto.
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 Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
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 St. Louis, Aug. 14, St. Louis, Sept. 4
 Zealand, Aug. 21, noon Philadelphia, Sept. 11

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris.
 Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
 Pennland, July 24, Vandalia, Aug. 7
 Southwark, July 31, Kensington, Aug. 14
 "New Twin Screw Steamers calling at Cherbourg."

International Navigation Company

Piers 14 and 15, N.R. Office—73 Broadway.
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R. M. MELVILLE, Can. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

Be Sure You Are Right—Then Go Ahead.

Doubtless the above is followed out by every one when it is possible, but "How are we to know?" Take a tip about the line to select when going to New York. The New York Central is best—take it and you are sure to be right. Niagara River Line steamers connect at Lewiston. All agents sell their tickets.

Anecdotal.

Carl, aged four, has a German nurse who has taught him to say his prayers in German. One evening his friend Ralph, who is six, came to see him just as he was at prayers. Ralph listened open-mouthed for a minute, and then burst out with, "Oh, just listen to Carl! He thinks God's Dutch!"

Two little girls visited a certain Anglican church not a hundred miles from Ottawa, which is noted for its extreme ritualism, says the "Citizen." After the sermon had proceeded for some time, one little girl leaned over and asked the other in a stage whisper: "When does he burn the bugs?" "He doesn't burn bugs," retorted the other, indignantly. "Oh," said the other, evidently disappointed, "my father said they burned insects in this church."

At Arundel, relates Augustus Hare, the guests were astonished by the butler coming in one day abruptly and saying to the Duke: "May I please Your Grace, Lord Thurlow has laid an egg." It was one of the ovals which existed at Arundel till the time of the present owner, Lord Thurlow's daughter, going round their cages in the wall, had stopped opposite one of them and looking at the blinking bird, said: "Why, he's just like papa." The bird was ever after called Lord Thurlow.

George IV., as Prince Regent, was very charming when he was not drunk, but he generally was. He asked Curran to dinner one day to amuse him. Curran was up to it, and sat silent all through dinner. This irritated the Prince, and at last, after dinner, when he had had a good deal too much, he filled a glass with wine and threw it in Curran's face, with: "Say something funny, can't you?" Curran, without moving a muscle, threw his own glass of wine in his neighbor's face, saying: "Pass His Royal Highness's joke."

It is related that a Yankee once came to Windsor Castle and insisted on seeing Queen Victoria. They told him it was quite impossible, but he persisted. They tried to explain court etiquette, but he said his business was important. They said no one saw Her Majesty except by appointment; but he only replied that the Queen would be the loser if she declined to see him. Then they told him flat-footed that, before seeing the Queen, he must state the object of his visit. He said he wanted to show her a new piece of furniture—a throne-bed—a perfect throne by day and a perfect bed by night.

At a political meeting held near Sheffield in the last British elections the candidate was late, so to keep the audience in a good humor the chairman recited, as a personal experience, a yarn he had heard at a meeting held more than a hundred miles from Sheffield. The candidate arrived, and, after making the usual apologies, said that he just had a most comical personal experience. He recounted it. The audience guffawed tremendously. "I have never known that yarn go down so well," said the candidate to the chairman. "It happens to be the same yarn," replied the chairman, "that I have just trotted out myself."

A contributor to "Current Literature" relates the following: "My little nephew John has a great head. His mother, who is an enthusiastic Sunday school worker, often invites her class to her home for an afternoon of recreation and refreshment. On one occasion she thought best to coach John a little in regard to three little fellows, children of poor parents. She told him he must be careful not to hurt their feelings in any way as they were very proud. During the process of the afternoon play John was heard to remark (apropos of their stiff unsociability), 'You needn't be so stuck-up,' he said, 'I know some people lots poorer than you are.'"

When Booker T. Washington began his early attempts to arouse the colored men of the South to work regularly, save their money, stop stealing chickens, lead good lives, etc., one of his agencies was the establishment of schools. Money was scarce, and it was a day of small beginnings. The first class was held on the porch of a house, but it rapidly outgrew the accommodation, and in casting about for ampler facilities, he found an old, abandoned hen-house. Finding a venerable darky idle, he said to him: "Sam, you go up to-morrow morning and clean out that old hen-house back of Mr. —'s house." "Sho'ly, Mr. Washington," was the reply, "you won't clean out a hen-house in de day-time?"

A clergyman desirous of a living went to the Bishop of London and asked him for an introduction to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The bishop said: "I should be willing to give it, but an introduction from me would defeat the very end you have in view." However, the clergyman persisted in his request, and the introduction was given. The lord chancellor received him with fury. "So that damned scoundrel the Bishop of London has given you an introduction, as it is he who has introduced you, you will certainly not get the living." "Well, so the bishop said, my lord," replied the clergyman. "Did the bishop say so?" thundered Lord Thurlow; "then he's a damned liar, and I'll prove him so; you shall have the living." And the man got it.

The Sheriff of —, very rich but rather mean, consulted a clever local doctor, who had made diseases of the eye his special study, concerning his sight. After a careful examination the doctor said a cataract was forming, and there would have to be an operation. "Expensive," asked the sheriff. "Twenty guineas," was the answer. "Must think it over," said the sheriff. Three months afterwards the sheriff went by appointment to be operated upon by a celebrated London specialist (one hundred and twenty-four miles away). Now, it so happened that the specialist was ill, and had to telegraph for a substitute. Judge of the sheriff's surprise when the door of the operating-room being opened, he found himself face to face with his own local doctor. It was too late to retreat, however; and the operation was performed. "Your fee?" asked the sheriff. "Forty guineas!" was the quiet answer.

The Bishop of Lichfield's wife, Augusta, had many interesting reminiscences of Lord Beaconsfield. One day, at luncheon, she offered him the mustard. "I never take mustard," he replied, in his sepulchral voice. "Oh, don't you?" she said, airily. "No," he continued, in a solemn tone, "here are three things I have never used: I have never touched mustard, I have never had a watch, and I have never made use of an umbrella." "Well," said Augusta, "I can understand the mustard—that is a mere matter of taste; but surely going without the other things must have been sometimes rather inconvenient." "And why should I want them?" continued Disraeli, more solemnly than ever. "I live under the shadow of Big Ben, and there is a clock in every room of the House of Commons, so that I cannot possibly require a watch; and as I always go about in a close carriage, I can never want an umbrella." Disraeli was always full of these small affections.

Lord Ranfurly, Governor of New Zealand, is one of the most unconventional of noblemen. When in London His Lordship was one of the earliest of risers, and might be seen every morning, wet or fine, clad in a most careless fashion, walking briskly through Oxford street, Regent street, and sometimes Bond street. Over and over again has Lord Ranfurly, a bit fagged by his long walk, stopped at a certain coffee stall, and enjoyed a cup of tea or coffee. Once His Lordship entered into conversation with the owner. "All sorts of conditions of men stop here at times," I daresay," said Lord Ranfurly, smiling. "I wonder, now, if any dukes or lords ever pull up and have a cup of your tea?" "Maybe they do, and maybe they don't," said the proprietor, curiously. "Supposing, now, I told you that I was a lord? What would you think of it?" continued His Lordship. "I should think nothing of it," replied the coffee gentleman; "I get so many lords and loungers hanging round this stall that I ain't surprised at what they say or what they do!"

Beware of Danger.

Said the melancholy man: "Do you ever look back on your life and reflect on the opportunities you have missed?" "No, sir," answered the hustler. "It would be just my luck to miss some more while I was brooding over what can't be helped."—"Waverley Magazine."

"You don't mean to say you've left old Krusty's employ?" "Yes, he made a certain remark in my hearing that made it simply impossible for me to remain there any longer."

"Really? What did he say?" "He said, 'Get your pay, and get out of here.'"



Boy—Colonel Boozum up in 1120 wants me to bring up a life preserver! Clerk—Well, why do you come to me? Don't you know where the bar-room is?

Why?

A Beautiful Hostelry. A Man's Opinion.

HE little girl who didn't want to go to heaven because it was crowded and noisy there had my sincerest sympathy the other day when I essayed to go to Hamilton on a Saturday boat. Not that Hamilton is heavenly by any means, especially in mid-summer, but that the boat was crowded and noisy. Why, in goodness' name, is a man, woman or brat privileged to open up a piano and belabor it for an hour, entirely regardless of the wishes of a cabinful of passengers? Why are children allowed to run, whoop and quarrel on the deck, and why do the very Wandering Jews of tourism insist upon parading around the boat, treading on the feet of peaceable and inoffensive sitters who are wedged between cabin-wall and camp-chairs, brushing aside their books or paper with an armful of bundles, and kicking over carefully moored umbrellas and walking-sticks? Why, for that matter, are passengers allowed to squat in companies in narrow promenades, when there is deck-room in plenty elsewhere? Why doesn't the radial railway use a morsel of thought for the convenience of its transient passengers, and not take them to the boat half an hour too soon, and make them wait half a hour on landing for a return car to the city, or to put the shoe on the other foot, why doesn't the boat start a little earlier or later? Why don't they work together, somehow? Why do the guests of the hotel find it needful to praise and pet the boarders' children before their parents and say weird things of them at other times? Why do the children race and gabble when one wants to sleep in the morning, or why do nurses and babies hold garrulous siders on the main balcony when one is in the writing-room trying to indite a coherent letter home? There are why's why's occurring to me, but I am haunted by a still smaller why of this sort: "Why don't you stay at home and have things the way you like?"

Among the dainty little jaunts one can take at any of four hours a day, is the sail to Burlington Beach, where a noble pier and a perfectly charming yacht club house are the first things that meet you at your landing. A gay party of diners, radiant women, young men waving merry greetings from the club-house balconies when one dines "en plein air," and I hear very well as regards the inner man. Then that wait for the radial car, surrounded by picnicers, squalling babies, tired and weary, poor mites; bunches of small dead fish, the fruit of some stalwart fisherman's patient waiting; picnic baskets, women in silk and smart young men waving merry greetings from the club-house balconies when one dines "en plein air," and I hear very well as regards the inner man. 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Slipshod Use of the English Language.

MR. ALFRED AYRES has been for years belaboring actors and actresses for their loose way of pronouncing common words, and he has published a number of popular little books, the latest of them entitled "Some Ill-Used Words," designed to correct the more flagrant errors in speech and writing. In "Harper's Magazine" (July) he makes a plea for more care in the use of our mother-tongue, and indicts the English-speaking people as offenders beyond the people of any other of the civilized nations. He writes:

"From observation I know that in Germany and in France, and I am told that in Spain and in Italy, a critical knowledge of one's mother-tongue is reckoned the most desirable of all the polite accomplishments. Nor do I doubt that the like is true of other continental countries—Holland, Denmark and Sweden, for example. In Berlin, where I once was quite well acquainted, in cultured circles, during an entire evening, no matter how many present, one would not hear a word mispronounced or a sentence wrongly constructed, complicated as the German grammar is. Nor would one hear anything that savored of dialect, except a slight mispronunciation of the 'r.' All the difficult—and gloriously sonorous—vowel sounds, which never by any chance are made by the lower orders, one would hear made by every one without exception in a cultured circle in all their purity. Never a slip in syntax, never a dative, for example, where the accusative is required, an error constantly made by the less educated."

"In France, one finds the cultured quite as fastidious in their speech as are the cultured Germans. There, too, one hears no mispronouncing, and no involuntary syntactical slips. Euphony with the Frenchman is paramount, and to avoid certain verbal terminations that are ear-offending, he will sometimes employ a construction not strictly grammatical; but aside from that the cultured Frenchman is always strictly grammatical."

"How different in the most cultured English-speaking circles! True, one cannot, without attracting attention, use seen for saw or saw for seen, done for did, or put two negatives in a sentence, but one can misuse the auxiliary verbs continually, misuse the tenses, use adverbs where adjectives are required, misuse the cases, use lay for lie, since for ago, without for unless, the indicative where the subjunctive is required, and so on and on, without attracting attention, unless there are chances to be a stickler for purity present."

But in matters of orthoepy Mr. Ayres thinks the English and Americans are especially flagrant offenders. Go where one will, he says, one meets with college and seminary graduates that mispronounce at every breath. He continues:

"Within a month I have met a graduate of a New England college and a graduate of a Pennsylvania seminary that pronounced father, father, and daughter, daughter. It is quite safe to assert that fully twenty-five per cent. of our educated people pronounce the little, much-used word very incorrectly. Instead of the vowel being pronounced short and up in the teeth, it is pronounced in the throat, which is very objectionable, or it is so prolonged as to make it very like long a. One's mispronouncing comes, of course, from one's surroundings. If a child never hears any mispronouncing, it will never mispronounce—at the least, never any of the words in common use. This being true, how desirable it is to pronounce well, since to pronounce ill is evidence, as far as it goes, that one's surroundings have been of the unlettered sort! A gross error, orthoepical or grammatical, may quickly take the nap of the handsome suit that ever came from the tailor."

The Restlessness of Women.

IN the July "Cosmopolitan" Ella Wheeler Wilcox, with characteristic force and directness, deals with what she regards as a very serious and growing evil now prevalent among her sex in this country, at least among those who belong to the well-to-do and upper classes of society. She says:

"One who studies American womanhood with any care must be alarmed at the growing restlessness of the sex. My mountain of mail is often a volcano of seething unrest. It seems a relief to many women—women, doubtless, whom the world supposes to be happy wives and mothers—to write to one they believe to be sympathetic, of the discontent that surges in their hearts."

"To turn from these letters to a social function is to encounter the same elements in another form. Beneath



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Out of Sorts.

Carelessness and neglect, and oftentimes wilful disregard of Nature's laws puts the system out of sorts.

Hurried, neglected and irregular meals cause most of the trouble.

No wonder the stomach revolts—goes on strike. Its functions are so necessary to your daily health that when it doesn't act properly your entire body suffers. Bowels clogged, liver inactive, blood impure, bad taste, coated tongue—you feel all petered out—and you look it.

The result is indigestion, biliousness and constipation, followed by more serious complications if the body's natural functions are not restored at once. To all such sufferers there is a sure, safe, economical and palatable cure—that is time-tested, never-failing Abbey's Effervescent Salt. A laxative that never gripes, gentle, but certain. It gets the bowels back to their normal action. Tones up the stomach. Livers up the liver. Makes the entire system right as a trivet.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

All Druggists sell it. 25c and 60c a bottle.

Jeweled corsages beat restless hearts. From under the flower-laden brims of the modish hats look unhappy eyes, gazing out into the world with longing for an indefinable something—a happiness imagined but unattained.

"While I believe the tendency of humanity is constantly upward toward a higher plane, it is an indisputable fact that this restlessness of woman is a giant evil, and one of serious growth."

Mrs. Wilcox says it is puzzling to trace this great wave of feminine restlessness to its source. She speaks of the present false standards of wealth, the desire for splendid social station, and for villas at the seaside and castles in Europe, but closes by saying that "after all, a lack of good, everyday common sense is at the bottom of it all. While this restlessness is a baleful sign of the times, rendered all the more mischievous by the almost equal restlessness of men, it is comforting to reflect that there is a large—very large—class of women who have and who use constantly good, everyday common sense. But of course they do not belong to that growing class of women who desire to lead in society, and who dream of villas, castles and foreign titles."

The Soda Fountain Clerk.

CONSIDER now the meek and humble soda fountain clerk. Who draweth off the moistened air with nimble turn and jerk.

His garb is always spotless white when first he puts it on.

But, lo, before an hour hath passed its spotlessness hath gone.

For then he hath vanilla on the bottom of his vest, and streaks of red raspberry make his trousers seem a jest.

While chocolate and ginger give a tiger-like effect to the balance of the garments in which he's proudly decked.

His hair is limp and languid, and is parted square and true.

Above the very center of his nose, which turneth blue.

Because he hath to linger in the acid and the ice, to fix up funny mixtures for the one that hath the price.

He maketh strange concoctions in the line of fancy drinks, and all the while he watcheth for persuasive sorts of winks.

From early morn he twisteth at the soda water spout, and turneth the ice-crusher till the ice hath given out.

He diggeth in the ice cream and he rusheth with the glass, while his deadly hated rival buys the soda for the lass.

Yea, verily, the soda clerk, he hath a sorry time, for he must know the way to get nine cents out of each dime.

And he must be a hustler, that there will not be a loss of ice or gas or water, or he'll tremble at the boss.

How often, oh, how often, hath the soda jerk grinneth at the one who payeth nickels for a penny's worth of wind!

How often, oh, how often, doth a calm and peaceful smile go flitting o'er his visage when a drink goes out of style.

But ah, alas, my son, sometimes he feelteth very bad, and then is when the ladies come with garments rich and glad.

The ladies fill the rockers and the doorways and the stools, and insist upon a liquid that both elevates and cools.

And one declareth that she'd like some chocolate with cream, and when he draweth it, straightway "Oh no!" the maid doth scream.

And then she voweth that she hath already changed her mind, and wanteth just a phosphate with a piece of lemon rind.

And yet, again the other maids declare they do not know just what they wish—and on and on their mild objections flow.

The weary soda fountain clerk suggesteth this and that, from plain old lemon phosphate to a dose of anti-fat.

And finally the ladies fair with one consent conclude that chocolate and cream shall be their soda fountain food.

Now, when he draweth all the drinks, his troubles are not done—

Nay, verily, my trusting child, they are but half begun;

For each and every maiden there doth straightway rise and say:

"Now, girls, I'll think it's awful if you do not let me pay!"

And all protest, and all object, and all their plans defend.

And not a one takes out her purse her lovely cash to spend.

Now, finally, the soda clerk suggesteth that each maid shall pay for what she drank—and then beginneth the tirade.

For all the ladies vow in wrath—yea, yea, they almost sob—that they will his employer see, and take from him his job.

And then they take their parasols, and sternly go away, and not a cent of all that bill do they take steps to pay.

The gentle soda fountain clerk, he fallteth in a daze, and leaneth on the vichy tube, and wicket things he says.

Is this not true, just as we have composed it, with much work?

It surely is—and if you doubt, go ask the soda clerk—Baltimore "American."

Reading Habits Destroyed.

THERE is some ground for the belief that the establishment of public libraries is destructive of habits of reading formed when books were scarce. In the current "Critics" Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick presents considerable evidence to show that while books are taken out of the libraries, they are not read, but cursorily glanced over. In the public library of one large American city investigation showed that of works of more than one volume, the second had fewer readers than the first, and the third fewer than the second. This at least indicates that readers do not become interested in the books they take from the library. Mr. Bostwick found one boy who took out two books every fortnight, just to make a reputation as a reader. The boy admitted, when questioned, that somehow he could not manage to read a book through.

In this investigation it was found that the falling off from volume to volume was noticeable in every department of literature, but was the most marked in scientific works. In fiction more purpose was shown to reach the end of a story, but even in the case of popular novels a considerable proportion of the readers dropped off at the close of the first volume. In that library "Our Mutual Friend" was printed in four volumes, but the readers were respectively 5, 4, 1, 0. Of five who commenced the novel, which many consider Dickens' masterpiece, only one read the third volume, and that one did not finish the story. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was divided into two volumes, but of thirty-seven readers of the first volume but twenty-four took out the second volume. In books of history the record was even more lamentable. Of twenty-four readers who commenced Hume's History of England, but one continued to the end. The authors recognized as forming the English standard fare no better. Thirty-eight read the first volume of Chaucer's poetical works, of whom nine read the second, five the third. Forty-eight read the first volume of Emerson's essays, thirteen the second. If these readers read from a sense of duty, their sense of duty will hardly carry them through the real trials of life.

Pat on the Hot Weather.

"Shure, I am just drippin' wid sweat; I've a kerchief that cum from the store, an' I've mopped at me face till it's sore. Now I'm after thinkin'—

"In weight I'll be shrinkin'! If of this heat we have more."

"Shure, I was a grumbler's fool; Not content wid the weather when cool. Faith, I've got me pay. For it's hotter to-day. Thin I'll ever seek it afore. Now Pat's going to grumble no more."

—M. H.

Grandma Went Skating.

One day last winter a little boy who attended a Walnut Hills school, according to the Cincinnati "Enquirer," arrived in the schoolroom not only half an hour late, but very dirty.

"Willie," said the teacher, "why are you late, and why is your face not washed?"

"Please," explained Willie, "my grandmother was out skatin' last night, and she was too tired to get up this morning and get me ready for school."

So absurd an excuse naturally excited the teacher's wrath, and she started an investigation, threatening punishment for Willie's supposed untruthfulness.

To her amazement she found that the boy had told the exact truth. The old lady, who had been an expert skater in her youth, had been tempted to join a skating party. The result was that she felt the next morning, as the boy expressed it, as if her bones were "crackling like a horse-fiddle," and it took the services of three neighbors to pry her out of bed.

Expensive Loss of Temper.

Mr. D. of Boston, a devotee of the wheel, was not long ago visiting in one of the small towns of Western Massachusetts. He was taking a spin about its streets shortly after his arrival, when he was run down, as he afterward declared, by a negro, and knocked off his bicycle. The fall not only ruffled his dignity and his clothes, says "Harper's Magazine," but broke his skin and his wheel.

These combined injuries made a breach in his placidity, and he picked up a stone and threw it with accurate aim at the colored man and brother.

This infraction of the peace resulted in his arrest and in his conviction in the local court of justice.

"I fine you five dollars," said the judge. "Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing," replied D., unmodified, "except that I wish I had killed the fellow."

"That remark will cost you five dollars more," rejoined His Honor.

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on its absolute Purity and Delicious Flavor to hold the tastes of the people, and to-day

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Ceylon Tea enjoys the largest sale on the Continent. Lead Packets Only. Black, Mixed or Green.

D's temper was not improved by this fresh dispensation of justice, wherefore the bitterness of his rejoinder was plainly apparent.

"Conversation seems to come high in this court," he observed.

"Five dollars for contempt," promptly responded the bench. "Have you anything more to say?"

"I think not," answered the defendant. "You have the advantage of me in repartee."

Payment of the fines closed the case.

You Can Cure It.

A New Cure For Catarrh in Tablet Form.

The old time treatment for catarrh was in the form of douches or sprays; later on, internal remedies were given with greater success; but, being in liquid or powdered form, were inconvenient and were open to the same objection to all liquid remedies—that is, that they lose whatever medicinal power they may have had on exposure to the air.

The tablet is the ideal form in which to administer medication, but until recently no successful catarrh tablet had ever been attempted.

At this writing, however, a most excellent and palatable remedy for catarrh has been placed before the public and sold by druggists, called Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, composed of the most recent discoveries in medicine for the cure of catarrh, and results from their use have been highly gratifying.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets contain principally highly concentrated antiseptics, which kill the catarrh germs in the blood and mucous membranes, and in this respect are strictly scientific and modern, as it has been known for some years past by the ablest physicians that the most successful catarrh treatment was by inhaling or spraying antiseptics.

The use of inhalers, douches and sprays, however, is a nuisance and inconvenience, and, moreover, can in no wise compare with the same remedies given in tablet form, either in efficacy or convenience.



A clerk in a prominent insurance office in Pittsburgh relates his experience with Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in a few words but to the point. He says: "Catarrh has been almost constantly with me for eight years; in this climate it seems impossible to get rid of it. I awoke every morning stuffed up, and for the first half hour it was tough, cold, expectorate and sneeze before I could square myself for my day's work; no appetite, and a foul breath which annoyed me exceedingly."

"I used Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for two months, and found them not only pleasant to take, but they did the business, and I can sincerely recommend them to all catarrh sufferers."

Druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at 50 cents for full-sized package. They can be carried in the vest pocket and used at any time and as often as necessary. Guaranteed free from cocaine, mercury or any mineral poison; absolutely safe.

A Man's Way of Bathing a Baby.

In learning to properly bathe a baby it is always well to start with a small one, and gradually increase the size until thoroughly proficient.

Have the water in the tub at a temperature of about 112 degrees. This will preclude all possibility of the sudden chill so dangerous to childhood, besides insuring absolute cleanliness. Before going further I cannot impress too strongly in the minds of young mothers one thing:

Never, under any circumstances, use cheap soap!

Cheap soaps tend to shrink babies. Many an otherwise happy woman is pinning away with a bunch of shrunken children about her that could have been brought to full size by the expenditure of a few extra pence.

Don't economize in this way. If you do you'll regret it.

Have all the articles to be used in the bath placed near the tub so that they can be reached without rising.

A bottle of ammonia.
A pony currycomb.
One sheet of finest sandpaper.
A file.

Also have handy a bottle of naphtha or benzine to remove any stain that will not readily yield to the ordinary methods.

Place the child to be washed face downwards on the knees and remove, first his stockings, then his shoes, then his trousers, and finally his coat and vest, leaving these until the last, as they help to protect his little lungs.

Toss the child into the tub and allow him to remain there about an hour. This is the first step.

Now soap him thoroughly and, tak-



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Emperador Sherry

has a big body, but it is not heavy on the palate. It consists mainly of Amontillado passedo, which means that the Wine has "passed" the Amontillado stage by age.

These Wines are little known in America as yet, but they are sure to be much appreciated, because they are truly a dry or nutty aftertaste.

ing the file in the left hand and the sandpaper in the right, rub him briskly, beginning at the neck and working down towards the feet, finishing with the currycomb.

Dry with an old square of carpet.

Farming Told on Him.

It was not a Canadian farmer of whom an English paper tells a story, although the incident might possibly be matched in this country. The agriculturist in question had been to a restaurant to enjoy himself among men of his own walk in life, while his hard-working wife stayed at home and saw to it that the farm suffered no loss in his absence.

"I'm about tired out," was the man's greeting upon his return. "Is it cows in 't barn?"

"Yes, long since," replied his spouse, barely stopping a moment from her duties to glance at him as she spoke.

"Is it horses unharnessed and fed?" he enquired.

"Yes," "Ponds locked up?" "Yes," "Wood chopped for mornin'?" "Yes,"

"Them ducks plucked and dressed for market?" "Yes,"

"Wagon-wheel mended and ready to start in 't mornin'?" "Yes,"

"Oh, then," concluded the good man with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper and turn in. Farmin' is beginnin' to tell on me."

A Legend of Creation.

A French periodical publishes the following legend. In order to people the world, God desired to create a man of each nation, and accordingly took a piece of earth from which he formed a negro, a Chinaman, an Indian, etc. There still remained two men to complete the number on which he had decided. But there was no more earth, and so he seized the first animal that presented itself, which happened to be a butterfly. He took off its wings, gave it arms and legs, endowed it with a soul and set it in a corner of the earth. This was the first Frenchman. He proceeded again in like manner, and this time seized an ant, of which he made the first Englishman. This, says the French periodical, accounts for the great success the Englishman has in trade, and moreover accounts for the different temperaments of the two nations.

Clarence—Why do you say the wedding was patriotic? Algernon—Well, the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue.—Baltimore "World."

Corticelli sewing silk quality begins in the selection of the "raw" or "cocoon" silk. Only the cocoons of large, strong worms are selected. The worms are kept at a moderate temperature and develop slowly but strongly. That raw silk costs more than the "forced" product of rapidly developed but weakly worms. Not only the best is used in Corticelli sewing silk. That's why it is the strongest.



THE announcements already made give promise that the coming musical season will be more interesting than the last. Arrangements have just been completed with the manager of Paur's New York Symphony Orchestra, and negotiations are in progress for the engagement by the Mendelssohn Choir of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, under the direction of Victor Herbert. The New York Orchestra has, according to report, made wondrous progress in all the details of fine playing since it was here about two years ago. The Pittsburgh Orchestra, to which Mr. Carnegie is a large subscriber, is now conceded to be one of the finest orchestras in the United States. Two nights of opera are promised by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, under the direction of Mr. Grau, and there will be some kind of a festival undertaken by local management during the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York. These events, taken by themselves, will at least give the season some distinction.

The little Patti is about to abandon Wales as her home, in favor of Sweden. In her little receiving room at the Albert Hall, after her last concert, Mme. Patti welcomed a crowd of friends, old and new, and among them M. Labori. In capital health and spirits, she chatted away, and told everybody how delighted she was at the prospect of living in Sweden, "my husband's country." The King and Queen of Sweden have, it is said, expressed much pleasure that the world-renowned diva should become one of their subjects, however late in the day.

Private musical parties are very expensive sometimes in London, England. Mr. Astor last month gave a big musicale at his house, which was attended by "everybody." The music cost \$1,000, but the artists were Paderewski, Melba, Plancon, and Kubelik.

At the second performance this season at Covent Garden of Carmen, with Calve in the title role, the receipts amounted to \$7,000.

London "Truth" thinks that there is no good reason to subsidize opera in London. Good music, the editor thinks, pays without subsidy. Covent Garden, without official subsidy, shows a very fair balance sheet. Carl Rosa, who gave opera under imposing conditions, was neither a philanthropist nor a pauper; while Sir Arthur Sullivan for some years drew upwards of \$30,000 a year from the profits of his melodious and always acceptable operatic work.

The "Daily News" (London) clamors for new tenors and prima donnas. It says that these blessings cannot be obtained from the subsidized music schools, but must be found in the musical world at large. Wachtel was picked up from the cab rank, Luca was a member of a chorus, and Nilsson began her career singing in the streets of a Swedish village. No doubt the present prima donnas who get the best engagements in Europe are somewhat ancient, but who is to explore the byways of the continent in search of geniuses to replace them?

News about the progress of the subscription scheme for the memorial organ will be very acceptable in these days of dearth of general musical gossip.

The programme of an organ recital recently given in a church at Leicester included Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor. A gentleman who arrived somewhat late was shown into a pew occupied by a lady. Wishing to know how many pieces had been played, he turned to the lady and said: "Excuse me, madam, but has the organist played the Bach?" "Oh, dear no," she replied; "he is only playing the organ this afternoon."

The Societe des Chant Classiques recently gave the Paris public an opportunity of hearing Handel's Judas Macabreus. The work, which was given in its entirety, was well rendered by the choir and orchestra, under the direction of M. Danbe. M. Guilman was the organist.

Miss Lillian Littlehales, the talented Canadian violinist, who has been in Europe since last September continuing her studies under Herr Hugo Becker, will sail on the return home on August 24. Miss Littlehales, in letters to her relatives, gives glowing accounts of her experiences in Germany. She was present at both the Bonn and Heidelberg musical festivals, which by reason of their extraordinary artistic worth will remain red-letter events in her life. Among the performances which interested her most during the Bonn festival were those by the famous Joachim quartet of Berlin and by a trio composed of Joachim, violin; Hausman, cello; and Paderewski, piano. The audience of 1,300 or more was made up of prominent musicians and music-lovers from all over Germany, and the character of the assembly and the occasion inspired the great artists to supreme efforts, and their marvelous interpretation inspired their hearers in turn. In speaking of Paderewski's playing of a Beethoven sonata between two of the concerted numbers at one of the concerts, Miss Littlehales says at no time previously when she has heard him play did he seem to lose his own individuality so completely in that of the composer as on this occasion. It was an ideal Beethoven performance. As for the aged Joachim, his share in the quartet and the trio was the perfect effort of a great and intelligent artist. On April 21 last Miss Littlehales, assisted by Fraulein Erika von Blinzer, pianist, gave a concert in Munich, which called forth complimentary reviews from the conservative critics of that city. The Neueste Nachrichten, in commenting upon the playing of Miss Littlehales, said: "Miss Littlehales is already a finished artist, whose playing is distin-

guished not only by manifest technical superiority, but above all by qualities which show that one has here indeed to do with a musical talent of extraordinary strength. To mention only two special points: I have not in the course of this winter heard many instrumental soloists who can rival this young lady in regard to the true fundamental of music—the rhythm—and just as seldom is to be found an individuality of conception so fresh, spirited and artistic as that which put a real interest into the hearing of even a simple, by Poppo. The Munich "Zeitung" said: "The energetic bowing, the decided and determined style, which distinguished her performance placed her in an individual relationship with her programme partner. Her fine and withal strong tone, free from weak sentimentality, came out especially in the Bizet Adagio, and the Schumann Trauermusik given as an encore number. Her splendid technique was displayed among other things in a Poppo virtuoso piece."

Lilli Lehmann will have another concert tour in America next season, which will last from October 11 to May. She is still acknowledged to be the greatest of all "lieder" singers.

Mr. Torrington has no easy task before him in drilling the great adult chorus of 2,000 voices which will sing to do honor to the Duke of Cornwall and York in October next. I was present at the New York Music Festival of 1881, at which the grand chorus consisted of 1,200 voices, and well remember the trouble the late Dr. Damrosch had in securing unanimity of attack from the singers. From a comparative point of view, however, Mr. Torrington's programme will be of a simple nature, and his chorus will find less difficulty in keeping together than did that of Dr. Damrosch in such complicated music as Berlioz's Grande Messe des Morts, or Rubinstein's Tower of Babel. Big things are sometimes done in music even in conservative England. I note that at the Crystal Palace, London, on June 22, Sullivan's Golden Legend was sung by a chorus of 3,000 voices, supported by an orchestra of 500 performers.

Great artists are as a rule modest and unassuming. The following anecdote is related about Paderewski. When told by Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria, perhaps the most accomplished musician of all the members of the royal family, that he was "surely inspired," he answered: "Your Royal Highness will, I dare say, be surprised when I tell you that I remember the day when I was quite an indifferent player. I was determined, however, to be what the world calls a genius—and to be a genius I well knew that I must first be a drudge, for genius and drudgery always go hand-in-hand. Genius," and Paderewski spoke excitedly, "is three-quarters drudgery—that's what genius is. I at one time practiced day after day, year after year, till I became almost insensible to sound—became a machine as it were. Now Paderewski is a genius, says the world. Yes; but Paderewski, Your Royal Highness, was a drudge before he was a genius."

Jules Devoyard, the famous French baritone, died the other day in Moscow in very sad circumstances. He was singing in Rigoletto in a summer theater, and after the duet with Gilda in the second act he fell to the stage and died almost immediately. Devoyard had been for some time in trouble, and his poverty had compelled him to accept whatever employment he could find. He lost his savings some years ago in an attempt to manage a theater, and when he wanted to return to the stage his voice was gone. He had lived for some years in Russia, where he went some time ago to sing, and taking the country, settled there. He had lost every cent, and when he died his only possessions were a few small coins in his pockets. He left a wife and family of small children. Two years ago he returned to Paris and appeared at one of the private opera houses, but his voice had quite failed him, and he went back to Russia.

On Friday evening, July 5, after choir practice, Mr. Thomas Nichols was the recipient of a lovely gold watch, appropriately inscribed, from the members of the choir and congregation of the Church of the Messiah, as an expression of good-will and esteem for their musical director. Rev. J. Gillespie, in a very complimentary speech, made the presentation, after which refreshments were served, bringing an enjoyable evening to a close.

Death has just removed one of the most prominent figures at the London Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts for the past forty years, in the person of Alfredo Piatti, the great Italian solo violinist. Piatti was a perfect master of his instrument, combining with wonderful technique a pure and sonorous tone and faultless intonation. For years he has occupied the post of violinist in the quartettes led by Joachim in London, and has contributed in no little measure to the success of the Monday Popular Concerts. He was born at Bergamo in 1822, his father being a well-known violinist of the time. He studied under Zanetti, and was playing in an orchestra at the age of seven. In 1832 he was accepted at the Milan Conservatoire, studied under Merighi, and made his debut as a soloist five years later. In 1844 he went to England and made so pronounced and instantaneous a success that he was induced to take up his residence in London during the musical season of each year. He made his first public appearance in London at a concert at which Mendelssohn played Beethoven's piano concerto in G, but, notwithstanding the fact, he won an unequalled triumph. Piatti was a composer of some merit. In addition to a concerto and two concertos for his instrument, he published some graceful songs with violoncello obbligato. He also reintroduced to public notice many old and forgotten sonatas by Vercini, Locatelli, Boccherini, and Valentini. CHERUBINO.

Mrs. Clancy (boastfully)—My husband was one of the pall-bearers at Callahan's funeral. Mrs. Casey (spitefully)—Aye! An' well fitted for the job that was. He's used to carryin' the bear that some men has pays fur—Philadelphia "Press."

Wagner's Treatment of Animals.

A STRONG sense of justice or a stung love for animals must have actuated Richard Wagner, to judge by the stories told of him in the "Staats-Zeitung" by Auguste Wilhelm, the celebrated violinist. The "Literary Digest" translates the stories.

Anyone who wished to enter the narrow circle of Wagner's friends, says the writer, was compelled to earn that privilege by adopting a superannuated dog or a crippled cat.

I was present when the young Countess Arnim was conducted into the "Home for Incurables," in which he kept a collection of aged and infirm animals for distribution among his friends. After making her selection among the inmates the countess had to sign a paper in which she promised to take the best possible care of the animal as long as it should live, and this as a return for the services rendered to mankind by animals.

The last time I was in Balreuth, Wagner was hard at work on "Tristan and Isolde." One day, as we were walking together in silence—for even on a stroll his guests seldom ventured to interrupt the current of his thoughts—he suddenly stopped and exclaimed, angrily: "Look! Look there!"

He pointed to a boy who was fastening a string about a large stone. The other end of the string was tied to a dog's leg. Wagner hastened up to the lad and demanded what he was doing. "Going to drown the dog," said the boy.

"Why?" "Because he is old and no good. He's half-blind."

"How long have you had him?" asked Wagner. "About ten years as a house dog. He used to draw milk and vegetables to market," was the response.

"So!" exclaimed Wagner. "And now you won't give this faithful servant food and lodging in his old age. Shame on you!"

"No, we can't be bothered with a sick old dog," answered the yokel, proceeding with his executioner's work.

Then Wagner seized his arm and said: "Here is a thaler (about seventy cents). I will buy the dog. Take yourself off, and remember that you were about to do something shameful. A beast feels the sting of ingratitude as keenly as a man."

The boy went off, blushing a little, but carefully pocketing the coin, and the dog, attempting to follow, was driven back. Wagner then tried to coax the dog to stay with us, but as he stooped to stroke him the beast bit his hand. Wagner turned pale and uttered a cry of pain, and I rushed my cane to chastise the snarling brute. But Wagner stopped me.

"Would you punish him for being true to his old master?" he asked. He bandaged the injured limb, and, strange to relate, when he made a second attempt to caress the dog, the animal, as if conscious of his fault and anxious to make amends, licked the hand that stroked him. From that moment Kero, who, under Wagner's care, soon presented a respectable appearance, was constantly at his master's side.

Wagner could not use his right hand for two weeks, and his work suffered seriously, but no one ever heard him utter a word of complaint, although he was usually impatient of the slightest annoyance or interruption.

Smart Summer Weddings.

Call one's attention to R. Score & Son's new consignment of nuptial neckwear—white corded silk, white silk brocade and basket pattern white silk—elegant English goods. Score's are showing splendid lines of gray chevrons for wedding coats, stylish designs in gray stripes, etc., for trousers, and charming and exclusive line of fancy gray silk and wool material for wedding waistcoats. 77 King street west has everything needful for the bridegroom-to-be, from the wedding tie down to the wedding hose and traveling rug.

"The Kidnapped Millionaire."

The abduction of people has been an expedient of revenge or plunder and a theme for romance since the dawn of history, but those who read Mr. Adams' entrancing story will not charge that his plot is borrowed from the tales of Le Fanu, Poe or Doyle. The charm of the story consists in the impressive probability of a plot which at first sight would seem impossible. It is a story in which humor, romance, adventure, trusts, syndicates and the fever of the stock exchange unite in a bit of marvelous and fascinating realism. The tale is both unique and original, and is a radical and pleasing departure from that prevalent fiction which carries the reader back into regions with which he is not familiar.

Reminder to Readers.

To ensure your receiving "Saturday Night" while absent on vacation, it will be only necessary for you to inform this office or your newsdealer. Subscription 20 cents per month, or three months 50 cents.

Too Long a Journey.

THE Chicago "Inter-Ocean" tells the following story, which smacks of a well-known type of Old Countryman.

Before the train for the West had fairly pulled out of the depot at Jersey City, all the passengers in the day coach knew the elderly gentleman in the front seat was bound for Chicago. Also that he had left his home in Limerick two weeks before to join his son "Tommy," whom he had not seen in twenty years. Sundry bags, boxes and packages that completely filled the aisle around his seat proved he was well prepared for the journey. He seemed as happy as a schoolboy when he spoke of meeting his boy in Chicago. As the first movement of the train denoted that the long ride had begun he was bubbling over with the delightful anticipation of the pleasure in store for him. Again and again he told how "Tommy" had left home for "America" when sixteen years old, settled in Chicago, earned lots of money and finally sent transportation to his

old dad to join him in the Western metropolis.

When the train was out a half-hour or more the old gentleman became anxious, peering out of the window and changing from one seat to another. Finally the conductor came through for tickets, and the Chicago passenger enquired of him if they were near his station yet. The conductor smiled and shook his head. The train stopped at a small town in Western New Jersey and the man's face brightened up as he asked a young woman seated close by if it was Chicago. He became more and more nervous as the train started up again. Passengers who had been interested in their newspapers and magazines laid them aside to watch the antics of the old man. Whenever the train slowed up he would start from his seat to know if they had finally reached the big town where his son was waiting for him.

Finally, as the train pulled into the beautiful Broad Street Station at Philadelphia, a majority of those in the coach prepared to leave the train, and with them the man from Limerick. The conductor, who saw him get off, walked up to him and said: "This isn't your station. Your ticket calls for Chicago. You have a long ride ahead of you yet." "Ain't this Chicago?" "No. You must travel all the rest of the afternoon, all night to-night, and nearly all day to-morrow before you reach Chicago." The face of the man from the Green Isle was a study. He looked at the man in uniform for fully a minute, apparently trying to grasp the meaning of the words he had just heard. Then he said: "I—must—travel all—the—rest—of—the—day, all—night—to—night—and—all—day—to—morrow—before—I—reach—Chicago?" "Of course you must," said the conductor. "Well," he said, "I'll be damned if I go." And he didn't. Nothing the conductor could say to him would make him get aboard the train again. The last seen of him when the cars rounded the curve outside the station, he was making his way toward the waiting-room.

Teacher—If you can get a bun for a halfpenny, what can you get for a penny? Johnny (eagerly)—A tea-cake?—"Pick-Me-Up."

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 6, W. ALLAN 1885

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Social and Personal.

Mr. D. M. Steers is in town from Washington for his vacation, and is visiting his mother and his sister, Mrs. Monahan, of Broadbalt street. Mr. Steers holds a responsible position in the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Washington.

A flying visit to Toronto was made this week by Lord Lamington, ex-Governor of Queensland. Lady Gordon and her brother, Mr. Montague Sweet, registered at the Queen's Hotel this week.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Tenny, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Tenny, to Mr. Chester Wilkinson of St. John's, Quebec, took place in St. Mark's Church, Parkdale. The service was read by the rector, Rev. Charles Ingles, and wedding music was played by Miss Morris. The bride, who was escorted by Mr. William Bain, wore a handsome tailor-made travelling costume of navy blue cloth, appliqued with blue, a short coat and a vest of corded white silk and a bodice of white tulle. She wore a white hat, trimmed with white chiffon, and carried white roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Mabel Morrison, wore pale gray voile over gray taffeta, trimmed with touches of burnt orange, and a black picture hat. The groomsmen were Mr. Fred Bain. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson left for a journey to the United States and Quebec and will return to town for a brief visit before going to their future home in St. John's.

Mr. Hugo Ross and Mrs. Arthur W. Ross went to Muskoka to-day, and are guests at the Royal Muskoka, Lake Rosseau.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pearson on another little grandson. Mrs. Guthrie Duncan of Brantford has a fine little boy, left by the stork last Sunday.

Miss Watt of Chattanooga, Tenn., is visiting Dr. Eleanor Lennox this week. She will later visit relatives in St. Catharines.

Mrs. F. J. Brimer and Master Lawrence Brimer are spending the summer months at Grimsby Park.

Among the strangers who have registered at the gallery of the Woman's Art Association during the summer exhibition have been the following: Miss Emma Dithmar, Williamsport, Pa.; Miss Florence Roemer, Williamsport, Pa., U.S.; Mrs. J. A. Robertson, Stratford; Mrs. Lynch, Seaford, Ont.; Miss Margaret Benson, Regina, N.W.T.; Miss Lizette Scott, Peterboro; Mrs. Alston, Mr. James Young, Galt, Ont.; Miss Ida Chinnick, Elora; Mr. R. A. Hudspeth, Lennoxville, P.Q.; Mrs. Weir, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Whitney, Augusta, Ga., U.S.A.; Mrs. E. Loudon, Galt, Ont.; Mr. C. W. Hurlbert, Sydney, Cape Breton, N.S.; Mr. Morris J. Levine, New York; Miss Ellen Thresher, Hamilton, Ont.; Miss Sarah S. E. Jupp, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss M. Brodie, Miss J. Brodie, Halifax, N.S.; Dr. G. B. Carlet, Milton, Ont.; Miss G. E. Smith, Guelph. A representative collection of oils, water-colors, miniatures and china is on exhibition daily from 10 to 3:30, except Saturdays, when it closes at 1 p.m. Admission free.

Mr. D. A. Campbell, B.A., of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute staff, is visiting friends in the city, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robertson, St. Andrew's avenue, Center Island.

Mrs. C. A. Ward and her sister-in-law, Miss E. Ward, of the Arlington, have gone to spend their summer months at Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

Mr. William Saunders of the firm of Chappell & Co., musical publishers, London, England, and Mrs. Saunders, have been the guests for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. James Lumbers, "Fernwood," Balm Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders are on a tour around the world. They left Tuesday afternoon for Australia, via San Francisco.

Mrs. Julia Wyman will not be at home next week on her usual evening, being called unexpectedly to New York. Mrs. Wyman, who is living in Miss Hilary's house in Gloucester street for the summer, will, however, be at home after next week as usual.

The guests this week at Clyffe House, Mary's Lake, are Mrs. and Miss Hattie Fraser, Mrs. H. Hawkey, Mrs. F. C. Foster, Miss Edith Austead, and Mr. Baker, all of Toronto, Pr. Precious of King City. The weather during this last week has been very delightful, making boating, bathing and fishing most enjoyable. On Monday last, fishermen were successful in capturing a number of good black bass, one of which balanced the scales at five pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman returned from the west coast last Saturday after a trip somewhat marred by strikes and washouts, but otherwise delightful.

Original "Fake" Advertiser Dead.

John Napoleon Bonaparte Little, one of Wheeling's best-known characters, is dead. He was born in Pennsylvania sixty years ago. He went to Wheeling, Va., when a small boy, and has been a resident ever since, except the time he spent in the Union army during the late war.

He was known far and wide as the proprietor of "Pa" Little's celebrated Philadelphia cream pop. One of his great fakes was a corn lotion.

Twenty years ago he advertised that on a certain Sunday afternoon he would leap from the suspension bridge into the Ohio River, eighty feet below. The whole town turned out, and excursions were run by boat and rail for fifty miles. Little's cream pop and confectionery store was at the bridge entrance, and he kept seven clerks going all that day. When the hour arrived, "Pa" appeared wrapped in a flag, and announced that he had decided to postpone the jump till the river rose to within three feet of the bottom of the bridge. He cleared nearly \$1,000 on the deal.

Another time he advertised that he would make a balloon ascension from the front of his store. This drew as

big a crowd, and when the time came he appeared with a huge paper balloon, fired it and balanced himself in the seat, but it would not rise. He used many other dodges to advertise himself and business, and all were successful. His wife, who was equally adept in helping along business, died a year ago. He leaves no relatives, and the G.A.R. post attended to his funeral.—New York "Journal."

Extract From an Historical Novel.

The day was exceeding fair and I was strolling in the park, taking the air and wondering whether the day might peradventure bring me an encounter—three days having gone by without a single adventure.

Presently a stout person of goodly size and belligerent appearance approached, gazing at the house-tops. He jostled me and trod upon my toes.

"Ha! catfist!" I cried, with my most terrifying frown. "Zounds! 'Sdeath! Gad-zooks! Draw and defend thyself!"

The stranger, however, merely regarded me with a look of profound admiration.

"Well, by gosh!" he said. "How in Sam Hill do ye do it?"

I was in a rage. "Egad!" I roared, waving my blade until it became a blaze of light. The stranger whooped again.

"Bully!" he cried, slapping himself upon the thigh in great satisfaction. Then he approached me and held out a small, stiff piece of parchment.

"My card!" said he. "I am looking for just such a man as you to take the part of 'Sir Calamity Bones' in my new farce-comedy which is soon to go on the road in—"

Again I wist that I was out of my zone and that things were not what they used to be; whereupon I sheathed my trusty blade and dissolved.—San Francisco "Bulletin."

Safety From Lightning.

Discussing this subject in the London "Daily Mail" a writer arrived at the following conclusion:

"If out of doors, keep away from trees, haystacks, houses, large sheets of water, river banks, etc. If in the open plain, where there are no trees or buildings, you are safer lying down than standing up. If near a wood, stay there, and do not go nearer. If near a single tall tree, you are pretty safe thirty yards away. Indoors you are safest of all if you adopt Franklin's plan. Find the geometrical center of the room. Hang up a hammock by silken cords, get in, and stay there. Failing a hammock, sit on one chair in the middle of the room with your feet on another, first placing beneath them a feather bed or hair mattress. But do not sit under the gas chandelier. Whether out of doors or indoors keep away from the chimney, or from metallic masses of any kind. And possess your souls in patience."

Accounted For.

Mrs. Silmsion—Willie, your shirt is dripping.

Willie—Yes'm. Some boys tempted me to go in swimming, and I ran away from them so hard that I got into an awful perspiration.—"Bazar."

What It Meant.

Mrs. Von Blumer—How tired I am of society—nothing but foam and froth, nothing deep or lasting, nothing worth while—no sincerity anywhere.

Von Blumer—Who's snubbed you now?—"Bazar."

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MONDAY, JULY 29th—
10:30 a.m.—Opening of English Literature Class by Wm. Houston, M.A. 8 p.m.—A Chautauqua Illustrated Lecture, showing growth and influence of Chautauqua movement.
Steamer Tymon leaves Yonge Street Wharf Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 9:30 a.m.; Monday and Friday 10:30; Saturday at 2 p.m. Return fare, 75c. Wednesday and Saturday, return, 50c.

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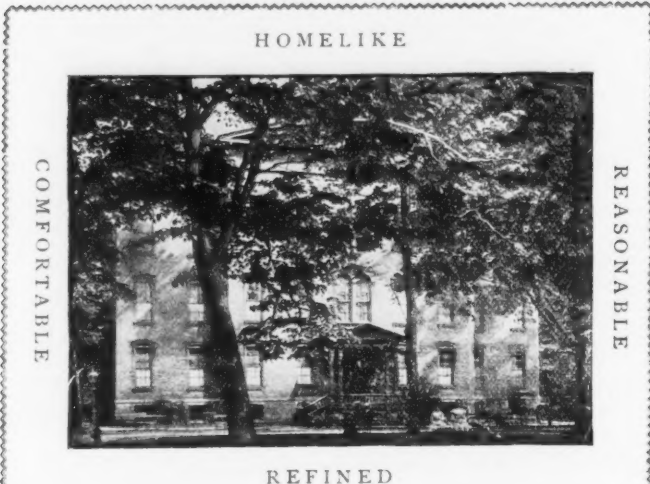
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Expenses of English Coronations.

EDWARD VII'S coronation expenses are likely to be extremely lavish, the precedent of George IV. being followed rather than that of Victoria. When George III. passed away the people had experienced no coronation solemnities for more than sixty years, and it was, perhaps excusable, felt that the occasion called for some larger display than when that long-lived monarch came to the throne. The sum accordingly which the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day fixed in his own mind as a working maximum was £100,000. When the bill came to be presented it was discovered that the total expenditure ran to £238,000.

Now, when Victoria was crowned, it is to be remembered that there was a coronation only seven years before, and another barely ten years before that, so that most men of middle age had already tasted the sweets and borne the expense of two great festivals of pageantry. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when the Duchess of Kent came to discuss matters with her daughter's ministers of state, it was felt that sheer lavish display would be out of place, and the consequence was that the whole cost was brought well within the estimate.

The cost of arranging the Abbey ran into £20,000. The Lord Chamberlain's Department absorbed £14,000, the Master of the Horse and the Mistress of the Robes got £13,000 between them, the Earl Marshal and the heralds put in a bill for £1,800, the cost of the commemorative medals was £5,000, and £5,500 was spent on fireworks, illuminations and free theaters. The lot came to £69,421.

Now, one reason why the coronation of George IV. cost so much more, and, indeed, surpassed the expenditure upon any event of the kind before or since, was because there was a banquet provided for about two thousand hungry and thirsty souls who had eaten nothing all day because of their duties in the Abbey. It was a royal feed. The turtle alone filled eighty tureens, the turbot lay upon the same number of dishes, and there were eighty dishes also of salmon and trout.

The butcher's and game bills came to a respectable total, as the following toothsome details will show: Beef,

7,442 pounds; veal, 5,633 pounds; mutton, 29,474 pounds; lamb, 20 and 20; legs and 5 saddles; 55 quarters of grass lamb; sweetbreads, 160; cow heels, 389; calves' feet, 400; geese, 170; capons, 720; chickens, 1,610; bacon, 1,730 pounds; butter, 912 pounds; and 8,400 eggs. Nor was the flushing of the necks of the two thousand parakeets as witness the wine bill: 100 dozen champagne, 200 dozen claret, 50 dozen each hock, Moselle and Madeira; 350 dozen sherry and port, 20 dozen Burgundy and 100 gallons lead punch.

Le Gallienne as Satirist.

IN the "Rambler," Numb. 210, Richard Le Gallienne, Esquire, has what he himself would no doubt call a "little paper" on "The Desire of the Stars for the Moon." We help ourselves to the following excerpts: "Of course, there are very big successful stars who affect that the Hero-worshiper Moth is a nuisance, and build themselves about with Bastions of Privacy, through which no Ray of their shining can reach the most persevering Moth—but then, you see, they are so sure of their Moths. I wonder if the Time should come when the Flocks of little Pilgrims up to their dizzy Radiances begin to slacken, and the Roar of Moth-Wings outside their guarded Country-seats to grow fainter—and it has happened so with some very great Stars indeed!—if they would not become a little insecure in their Feeling of Starriness, and perhaps even at last unshutter a Window, and let slip a Beam of their celestial Selves; lest the Moths should grow discouraged, and perhaps cease coming at all."

"I have heard that some Stars of this Magnitude charge the Moth Half a Guinea for their Autographs—strictly, of course, for the Benefit of the Hospitals. Such Stars are, you can imagine, very sure of themselves. But there is another kind of big Star that makes quite as fine a Blaze as those of which I have been speaking, yet is by no means so unsocial; on the contrary is smilingly, even eagerly, accessible to every Moth that is so kind and appreciative as to take the Trouble to call with its Homage. It often indeed asks the Moth to stay for Lunch, and makes it promise to be sure to come again."

It is somewhat unusual to find Mr. Le Gallienne playing literary satirist in

this rather obvious manner. But at the moment he is living in New York, which possibly accounts for it. Possibly, too, suggests the "Outlook," the falling-off in the stream of moths which formerly drifted in a certain direction has filled his soul with revolt.

A Mummy as Hostess.

M. GUIMET, the celebrated Orientalist, who has founded in Paris a museum which bears his name, gave the other day a five o'clock tea, "to meet the beautiful Thais," relates a correspondent in Paris. Thais, as one knows, was the famous courtesan who lived in the third century, and was so blonde and lovely that all the gentlemen of Alexandria lost their appetites and sleep on her account. The smartest people were invited, and, to begin with, an excellent luncheon was served. This was a wise precaution, for—who knows?—they might not have been able to enjoy the rare Oriental guests of M. Guimet after they had paid their visit to Thais, in her sarcophagus, for Thais was a mummy.

The once beautiful lady received her visitors lying down on her narrow couch of white marble. A gossamer veil of gold was on her face, which is somewhat damaged, while in her dainty slippers of scarlet cloth embroidered with real pearls very little feet were to be seen. But she still wore her superb hair, once like liquid copper, now somewhat faded and of a vague color, though abundant and silky. Round her neck was a necklace formed by two rows of unpolished pearls. Her woeen yellowish gown is of a texture so fine that nothing of the kind could be found nowadays, and she wears a bodice of orange striped silk, which is tied round her waist by a sash of the most delicate salmon-pink hue.

Beside her were many pretty things, such as a bread-basket in silver filigree, two mugs of chiselled gold, two bronze crosses—for Thais became a Christian while she was still young and lovely—and a sort of prayer-book in light laths of pale wood. A few other mummies keep her company, most of them being also surrounded by quaint and curious things very interesting to look at. One of the most clever lady writers was so struck by them that she is going to write a series of articles on the subject, beseeching the friends and relations of our modern dead to imitate the people of antiquity and fill their tombs with articles that were once beloved by them, so that some 2,000 years hence scholars and artists may form an idea of the Parisian civilization in the twentieth century.

Some Scotch Examination Papers.

London "Chronicle."

A correspondent proposes the following questions for the next matriculation examination at the Scotch universities: First—Geography—Draw a map of the United States, marking London, Glasgow and Birmingham. Second—Rule of Three—If a man does a piece of work in four days, how much quicker will an American do it at half the salary? Third—Political Economy—The Yankee millionaires over here state they "feel as if this were their own country." The German Emperor, when last visiting us, declared he felt "perfectly at home." Account for this. Fourth—History—Write a note on the invasions of Great Britain and the rebellion and subsequent subjugation of the Angles. Give dates of the accessions of Yerkel L. Sloan, Morgan the Contractor, and the other conquerors; also of the beatification of St. Carnegie. Say what you know of any of these. Fifth—Trade Problem—You are an English manufacturer. An extensive order is received for locomotives for a trans-African railway. Which would you demand an entire alteration of the railway to fit the six locomotives you have in stock, or recommend an American rival? Sixth—Travel—You are an American millionaire traveling for recreation. Which would you take back with you as souvenir—London or Paris? State your reasons for preferring one of these trinkets.

Stage Asides.

Fanny Kemble once gave a most amusing instance of the extent to which "stage whispering" may be carried on unknown to the audience. It was in a well-known theater, and "Romeo and Juliet" was the play. "Romeo was at the words (stage version, not Shakespeare's), 'Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms,' when he pounced upon her, and lifting her up bodily staggered down the stage.

"Let me go," she whispered, "you've got me up horribly; let me down," but all in vain. The climax came at the passage, "Tear not my heart-strings thus; they break, they crack, Juliet" (still the stage version), when—

Juliet (to corpse)—Am I smothering you?
Corps—Not at all; but could you, do you think, be so kind as to put my wig on again for me?—It is falling off.

Juliet (to corpse)—I am afraid I cannot; but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You have broken the veil, have you?
Corps—No, indeed.

Juliet—Where's the dagger?
Corps—Pon my soul, I don't know.

All these "asides" went on unknown to the audience in the very crisis of the tragedy.

Unraveling a Mystery.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER is an enthusiastic lover of the delightful Berkshire region of Western Massachusetts, says the Philadelphia "Post," and has a summer home there. He loves to climb the hills, to drive about the charming roads, to fish in the waters.

With a close friend, a well-known New York artist, he set out one day for an all-day drive. Both were entranced by the scenery and delighted by the succession of fine homes, old and new, that they passed.

Suddenly the artist and Mr. Gilder uttered an involuntary cry of pleasure, for there right in front of them, as they rounded a bend, was a delightful old home. Its pillared doorway, its fan-shaped window, its gambrel roof, its picturesque gables, its quaint old-fashioned air, were very charming, and

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upon it was a sign, "For rent."

The two men left the buggy and stepped toward the house. It was empty, but through the narrow slitted windows at either side of the door the author and artist glanced. They saw a big grandfather's clock at the turn of the broad stairway; they saw an antique chair in the hall.

"What a delightful find!" cried the artist.

"What a charming mystery!" exclaimed Mr. Gilder.

A man sauntered up from the field. He was the caretaker.

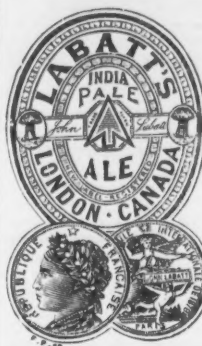
"Would you like to look through the house?" he asked.

Nothing would please the two men better, and the door was forthwith unlocked.

Through room after room they walked. In one place stood an ample corner cupboard; in another an antique sideboard; here was a great carved clawfoot sofa; there was a table with claw-and-ball legs; upstairs was a huge canopied four-post bed with other old-fashioned furniture. In short, the entire house was furnished in colonial style.

"A dream of beauty," said the artist.

How strange it seemed. What mystery, what romance, perhaps even what tragedy, lay beyond it all! Here in this ancient house were all the ancient furnishings untouched, in spite of the keen search for such things by the myriad lovers of old-fashioned furniture and the dealers whose agents go

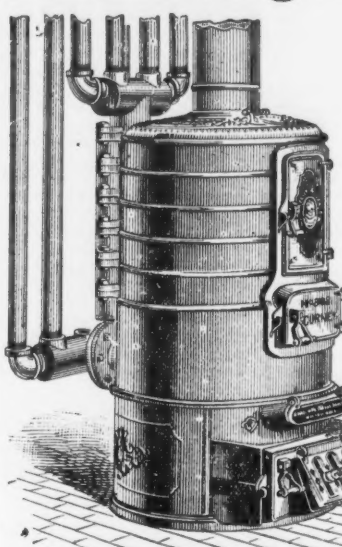


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everywhere. Undoubtedly there must be some strange and striking story to explain it all.

They sought out the caretaker.

"What old family has lived here for all these generations? How does it happen that everything has remained untouched? Why is the old house at last without a tenant, and why is it offered to strangers?"

The questions of the two men came eager and swift. The caretaker was puzzled for a few moments, and then said:

"Oh, I see what you mean. Why, this house was bought by Mr. Z., a second-hand furniture dealer of New York, and he has fixed it up here, just to rent it, with things he sent up from his shop."

The author and the artist slowly retreated to their vehicle and drove away without a word.

"William," said the lady of the house, "will you mail these invitations for me the first thing this morning?" "Going to give a party?" "I have engaged a new kitchen girl for the first of next week, and I thought I would

show her that we start with no ill-feeling by giving a pink tea for her Monday afternoon."—Indianapolis "News."

"My little man," said the visiting pastor, "I am afraid you've been fighting a black eye! Don't you want me to pray with you?" "Naw," said the good little man; "run home and pray with your own kid. He's got two black eyes."—Philadelphia "Press."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

births.

Somers—July 19th, Mrs. G. T. Somers, Section, a son.
Thompson—July 19th, Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Toronto, a son.
Hay—July 19th, Mrs. Alfred Haywood, Toronto, a son.
Luttrell—July 19th, Mrs. Wm. Luttrell, Toronto, a daughter.
McGrath—July 19th, Mrs. Hugh McGrath, Huntville, a daughter.
Graham—July 21st, Mrs. G. T. Graham, Toronto, a daughter.
Kingsmill—July 20th, Mrs. Charles E. Kingsmill, Toronto, a son.
Neiles—July 17th, Mrs. Leslie M. Neiles, Niagara-on-the-Lake, a son.

Marriages.

Whelan—Tresidder—At the residence of the bride's mother, 462 Bathurst street, on July 24th, by the Rev. Dr. Starr, Beatrice Lillian, daughter of the late John Tresidder, to Edward Whelan, Secretary People's Coal Co., both of Toronto.
Cowie—Tinning—July 23rd, at Toronto, Hedley Vears Cowie to Carrie Belesaigne Tinning.
Wilkinson—Fenny—July 23rd, at Parkdale, Chester G. Wilkinson to Elinore E. Fenny.
Binns—Appelbe—July 22nd, at Hamilton, George M. Binns to Ethel May Appelbe.
Stork—Cooper—July 17th, at Brampton, Henry C. Stork to Harriet Cooper.
Docker—Davison—At Toronto, John McGregor Docker to Alice Maude Davison.
Lander—James—July 18th, at Toronto, John C. Lander to Mary E. James.
Roche—Neale—July 17th, at Toronto, George Lennon Roche to Maud S. Neale.
Langley—Porter—July 17th, at Toronto, Prof. Ernest F. Langley to Carrie F. Porter.
Parker—Dandy—July 17th, at Cayuga, Wm. P. Dandy, B.A., to Annie Bethune Parker.
McNichol—Coulter—July 17th, at Toronto, Everton McNichol to Avelina Coulter.

Deaths.

Carroll—June 21st, at St. Catharines, Jane Wilson Carroll, aged 75 years.
Gallagher—July 23rd, at Toronto, Robert S. Gallagher, in his 43th year.
Ansley—July 21st, at Port Dover, Ozias Ansley, in his 74th year.
Prentice—July 23rd, at Unionville, Emma Jane Prentice.
Baldwin—July 22nd, at Ridgeway, Morgan Baldwin, aged 39 years.
Norton—July 22nd, at Albany, N.Y., Edward Norton, in his 29th year.
Wilkie—At Chicago, Reginald V. G. Wilkie, in his 23rd year.
Thompson—July 17th, at Toronto, Fanny Trew Thompson, aged 24 years.
Otter—July 17th, drowned at Montreal, Bruce Osborne Otter, aged 13 years.
Bowers—July 20th, at Hamilton, John George Bowers.
Mulholland—July 21st, at Toronto, Thomas B. Mulholland, in his 50th year.
Nethery—July 21st, at Toronto, Mary Nethery, in her 62nd year.
Smith—July 21st, at Toronto, Elizabeth Smith, in her 82nd year.
Tremaine—July 21st, at Toronto, Beale Tremaine.
Donahue—July 12th, at St. Thomas, Mary Teresa Donahue, in her 40th year.
Fleming—July 18th, at Toronto, Everett Noble Fleming, aged 13 years.
Penwarden—July 18th, drowned at Grimsby Park, Claude B. Penwarden, in his 22nd year.
Smith—July 18th, at Toronto, Andrew W. Smith, aged 52 years.
Millard—At Toronto, Catharine Watson Millard, aged 85 years.
Savage—July 9th, at Oakville, William Robert Savage, aged 19 years.
Allan—July 20th, at Toronto, Hon. G. W. Allan, in his 80th year.
Bolton—July 19th, at Toronto, Sophia Bolton, aged 89 years.

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